

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL '96

No. 203.—VOL. XVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS MARY MOORE, NOW PLAYING IN "ROSEMARY," AT THE CRITERION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE POTATO.

Even in this prosaic end of the nineteenth century, when it is difficult to arouse much enthusiasm over celebrations and anniversaries, a good deal of attention was attracted to an announcement made some months ago that the tercentenary of the potato was about to be celebrated in Ireland, a country in whose history, particularly during the last century, this well-known esculent has played no inconsiderable part.

The idea, which originated with the Irish Gardeners' Association, was admirably carried out in Dublin last week, when an exhibition of potatoes, with a conference presided over by Viscount Powerscourt, was opened in the Rotunda, and attracted large crowds of visitors, who were not slow to express their amazement at the numerous and magnificent specimens which science and cultivation had developed from the original small, waxy, and, if history speaks truly, somewhat tasteless tuber which Sir Walter Raleigh brought from South America and caused to be planted in the gardens of Myrtle Grove just three hundred years ago. Tradition says that his servants gathered the apples off the plants, cooked them, and pronounced them a failure, and only discovered the veritable *pommes de terre* when tilling the ground later on; but apparently Sir Walter was better acquainted with the vegetable, as a quaint old etching on the staircase at Myrtle Grove represents him instructing two Irish peasant-women how to cook potatoes, which was the Celtic pronunciation of the Spanish term *batata*, by which the tuber was known in the New World.

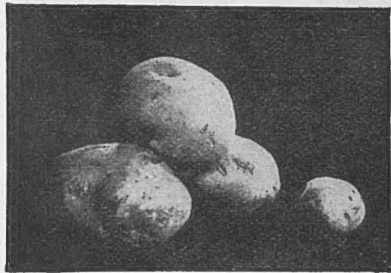
En passant, it may be mentioned that Myrtle Grove has other claims to recognition. The house, the most perfect example of Elizabethan architecture extant in Ireland, was erected by Sir Walter about 1585, close to the town of Youghal, on some property that had been confiscated from the celebrated Earl of Desmond, whom the English general defeated a few years previously. Here it was that Edmund Spenser joined his friend, and in this peaceful, picturesque retreat wrote most of his

exhibition; in the photograph of the last-named variety an ordinary dinner potato is placed in the foreground, to give a relative idea of size. It is proposed to perpetuate the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh by the establishment of a Gardeners' Benevolent Fund for Ireland, to which purpose the proceeds of the exhibition will be devoted.

WHERE TO GO AT CHRISTMAS.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway make ordinary return tickets for distances under twelve miles, issued on Thursday and Friday next week, available for the return journey up to the evening of the following Saturday, and those issued at any time for distances from twelve to fifty miles, eight days, and for distances over fifty miles, for one calendar month, including date of issue and return. Special cheap tickets will be issued from Dec. 24 to 27 to and from London and the seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Dec. 29. Extra fast trains will on the 24th, 26th, and 28th inst. leave for the Isle of Wight, and on the 24th an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Hastings, &c. On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will be run, including the Pullman cheap trains from Victoria to Brighton and back. On Boxing Day trips at special fares will be run to Brighton.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announce that the cheap return tickets between London and Sandling Junction, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Dover, New Romney (Littlestone-on-Sea), Lydd, and Rye, issued on Dec. 24, 25, and 26, will be available for the return journey on any day up to and including Dec. 29. Cheap tickets to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Canterbury, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Ramsgate, Margate, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, and Dover, will be issued from London on Dec. 24, 25, 26, and 27, available for the return journey on any day up to and including Dec. 29. On Christmas Eve a fast late train will run to Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge Wells,



FIDLER'S IMPROVED EMPEROR.



FIDLER'S COLOSSAL.



SUTTON'S RELIANCE.

TROPHIES AT THE TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION OF THE POTATO.

masterpiece, "The Faery Queen," a first copy of which is preserved in the drawing-room, where it lies, in company with one of Sir Walter's literary efforts, on his old carved table. Indeed, it is the desire of the present owner, Sir Henry Blake, Governor of Jamaica, to preserve as far as possible the historic associations of the house, in which he hopes to place an interesting collection of relics. Careful investigation has discovered that the house is lined with beautiful oak panelling, which for many years has been concealed beneath a coating of plaster and wall-paper, evidently an effort on the part of some Philistine inhabitants to bring the mansion "up to date." Tobacco as well as potatoes found the soil and climate of the County Cork congenial, and the big yew-tree still flourishes under whose branches Sir Walter used to sit and enjoy the fragrant weed which he cultivated so successfully.

But to return to the potato, which has of late years given rise to so much controversy, particularly as regards its claim to be recognised as a boon and a blessing to Irishmen. Its commercial value cannot be overlooked, but the fact must be conceded that poverty invariably follows in the train of the potato. Its easy cultivation conduces to careless farming; its continuous repetition exhausts the land more speedily than any other root crop; while as an article of diet its properties may be briefly described as satisfying but not sustaining. Not a few medical authorities ascribe the deterioration in the physique of the Irish peasantry to the fact of their subsisting almost wholly on potatoes. Another phase of the question is that where the population (as in the West of Ireland) rely solely on the potato for provision for the winter, famine must ensue should blight, disease, or unfavourable weather bring about a total failure of the crop.

The once much-vaunted Champion is no longer deemed the best kind for Ireland, and the Magnum Bonum has also declined in popular favour, so several new kinds are now to be found in the front rank. Messrs. Sutton and Sons, of Reading, claim to have achieved perfection with a potato in which not only is the eye (the characteristic of the tuber) well defined, but it is surmounted by an eyebrow, which gives the root a most comical expression. This well-known firm exhibited no fewer than 209 varieties, including Sutton's Satisfaction, an enormous round tuber, and Sutton's Reliance, averaging from eight to nine inches in length (see illustration). Botanical specimens, new seedlings, and several varieties of the curious "Fir apple," which closely resembles a small fir-cone, were included in this collection. Sir James Mackey (Dublin) came second with 180 varieties, and Messrs. Fidler and Sons (Reading) scored a great success with their display, their Colossal and Improved Emperor being among the sights of the

St. Leonards, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Ramsgate, Margate, Folkestone, and Dover.

The South-Western will issue cheap third-class return tickets on their system. You may go for fourteen days to Guernsey and Jersey for twenty-five shillings. On Wednesday and Thursday a special express train will leave at 2.5 p.m. for Bournemouth. On Christmas Day special trains will leave for Basingstoke, Salisbury, Exeter, Southampton, Portsmouth, Gosport, and Bournemouth. Special arrangements have also been made for the conveyance of parcels.

It is not for lack of opportunity to leave it that anybody should stay in London during Christmas. The London and North-Western will take you to Ireland on Wednesday night at 9.5. On Thursday you can go to all the principal stations on the Trent Valley line, or to Birmingham and a host of North Country towns, or again to Ireland. On Christmas Day you are offered special facilities to go to Scotland and the North. On Saturday week several important alterations in trains will be made. Special attention may be called to the runs to Scotland.

The Midland will run cheap trains to Scotland to-morrow week for four, five, eight, or ten days, and Dec. 31 for four, five, or ten days, by which return tickets will be issued at a third-class single fare for the double journey; also to Leicester, Birmingham, the Lake District, &c., returning Dec. 27 or 28. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued on Wednesday to Ireland, *via* Liverpool, available for sixteen days, and *via* Morecambe, available for returning on Dec. 29 or 31, and Jan. 2, 5, or 7. On Christmas Day cheap day excursion tickets will be issued to Southend-on-Sea. On Christmas Eve the pressure of traffic will be relieved by the running of duplicate trains from St. Pancras.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that on Thursday night, Dec. 24 (for four, five, eight, and ten days), and Thursday night, Dec. 31 (for four, five, and ten days), cheap excursions will run to Scotland. Passengers by the excursion on Dec. 24 return on Dec. 27, 28, 31, or Jan. 2, and those by the excursion on Dec. 31 return on Jan. 3, 4, or 9, according to period of ticket taken.

The Great Western Company will take you to the West of England, Guernsey and Jersey, to Ireland on Wednesday—at 4.45 p.m. for Belfast, Armagh, &c., and at 6.10 p.m. for Waterford, Lakes of Killarney, &c., for a fortnight; and to-morrow week, at 3.35 p.m., for Cork, for a fortnight.

An excellent way of reaching Germany is by the Zeeland Steamship route from Queenborough to Flushing. You get to Berlin from London in twenty hours, to Dresden in twenty-eight hours, to Bâle in twenty-three hours.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



"THE KING DRINKS" (WITH APOLOGIES): THE BABY LION AT THE AQUARIUM.

THE HIGH PRIEST OF "ISIS" SPEAKS.

A CHAT WITH MR. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

The *Isis*, that brisk Oxford undergraduate journal which has recently made such a noise in the outside world, is not wholly in undergraduate hands. The responsible man is Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott, M.A., B.C.L., with whom (writes a *Sketch* representative) I smoked a cigarette the

other afternoon at his chambers in the Temple, and enjoyed a chat over the *Isis* "affair."

"My position," said Mr. Pigott, "is, briefly, this. I accept all responsibility for the appearance of the 'Idol' article on the Dean of Christ Church; but one thing I must totally disclaim—the very stupid letter written by young Vaughan (our Oxford editor) to the writer of the article, also Vaughan's unnecessarily groveling apology."

"Did the article arise from any further developments of the old 'Blenheim' row at the House?"

"Not at all. Its genesis was purely

and simply journalistic. The Dean had been selected at the beginning of term as the one Don who is generally idolised during the eight weeks' terminal series, and when the recent Blenheim festivities were afoot I thought the proper moment had come. Of course, I never said anything about sailing as near as possible to libel, nor did I request 'a strong idol.' My instructions to Vaughan were 'Gently rag the Dean about the Blenheim row.' Now I'll give you, if you care, something hitherto unpublished—my letter to the Dean—

If you refer to to-morrow's *Isis* you will find that I have published an expression of regret—real regret—that I allowed the allusions to Mrs. Paget, innocently meant as I believed them to be, to remain in last week's "Idol." You will also find that I have inserted nothing in the nature of an apology to yourself.

For this latter course I have what I consider to be sufficient reasons, and with these I think it right and proper to acquaint you. In the first place, I saw, and see, nothing intrinsically offensive in the article. If I had seen anything of the sort at first, I should have promptly expunged it; if I saw it now, I should frankly apologise for it. All I have heard is the noisy demonstration of a band of undergraduates in whose interests the laws of England and Christ Church appear to have been temporarily suspended, and whose irresponsible beliefs I emphatically refuse to obey. I do not as yet know that I have permitted the publication of anything that has caused you pain or is outside the limits of legitimate comment.

I trust that you will believe me when I say that I have no earthly reason for attacking or instigating an attack upon you, and that, if you personally assure me that you consider an apology is due to you for any injury I may have (unwittingly, believe me) permitted to be done to you, I am prepared to make that apology publicly, ungrudgingly, and at once.—I remain, yours faithfully,

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT,
Editor of the *Isis*.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Christ Church, D.D.

"You see," continued Mr. Pigott, "I apologise for the allusions to Mrs. Paget, because, in chaffing articles, I consider that the less ladies are dragged in the better, but insert no apology to the Dean himself, as I fail to see anything objectionable in the article."

"You cannot count it an attack, I suppose?"

"Certainly not. Even if we wanted to attack Dons, which we don't, mere worldly prudence would restrain us. One never knows how that sort of thing will be taken in Oxford by the men. It might kill the paper. Cambridge is different."

"The article was just a 'gentle rag'?"

"Nothing more."

"Surely the House has changed its tune. There was a time when a certain section would have canonised you for a sledge-hammer treatment

of dignitaries. Whence this fiery indignation over your gentle roaring?"

"The fact is," replied my host, "one section of the House men has done this—no, not the Bullingdon; not the smart set at all, I am told—the Meadow Buildings men, it would appear, rowing and footer lights."

"What is their grievance? Have new Blenheims been fought?"

"They are merely spoiling for a rag, that's all; and they have hit upon the expedient of championing the Dean."

"Distinctly original, I must say."

"Yes; I can't recall a parallel. I've congratulated them on the ingenuity and efficacy of their method."

"May I ask whether the Dean has taken any action?"

"The writer of the 'Idol' has been requested to take his name off the books of the House. By the way, I may give you the most important part of the Dean's letter in reply to mine. It is that he has not seen the article in question. I make no further comment."

"What is the general feeling in the Senior Common Rooms of the 'Varsity'?"

"That a great deal of fuss has been made over a trifle, I believe. It is said, however, that the Senior Common Room of Christ Church has demanded of the Exeter Dons that Vaughan should be sent down."

"If I remember rightly, the *Isis* let the House Dons down lightly over the Blenheim row in '94?"

"Yes, it took a conciliating line, and merely suggested that the junior members were advertising themselves. The paper didn't go the least bit against the Dean. I wrote a set of verses, reprinted this week, on Christ Church and its rags. At that time I might have comfortably attacked the Dean, but didn't."

"The 'Idol' on the Dean has been quoted by some of the London papers, I believe?"

"Yes, and they might have taken the trouble to quote correctly. They've made awful hash in some cases; for example, this inoffensive passage, 'His good deeds, which are many, are unostentatious, and they are unnoticed,' was made to run, 'His good deeds, which are not many.' Again, the statement—'Nobody saw him, one Sunday last term, in the High with a short clay pipe. This is a fact'—was construed into a direct accusation of having smoked a clay in public! I've been charged with raking up ancient history in the Blenheim row; but it is only two years old. Politicians' deeds are recalled after a much longer time."

"I suppose there has been a big sale of the *Isis* over this business?"

"Record sales. The 'Idol' number is out of print."

"Would you mind giving me a short history of the paper? You started it in 1892, I think?"

"Yes. There was word of its being owned by a syndicate, but I was the syndicate and sole writer of the first numbers."

"You financed it also?"

"Yes. After a time the paper changed hands, finally becoming the property of the publishers, who asked me to look after it again, and pull it up, as it had gone down somewhat."

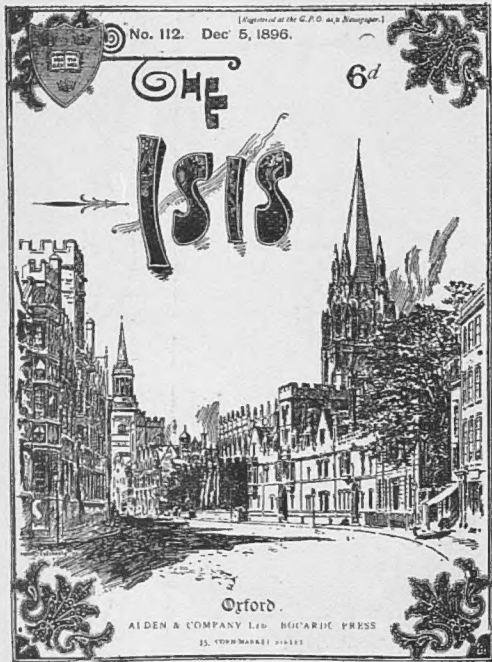
"Oxford's a stiff soil for these papers, isn't it?"

"Very. Cambridge, again, can support a goodly number. But the *Isis* is now quite firmly established. There was talk of opposition last week, but the projected new organ has not appeared."

"In conclusion, Mr. Pigott, has our respected grandparent, the *Oxford Magazine*, had anything to say on this row?"

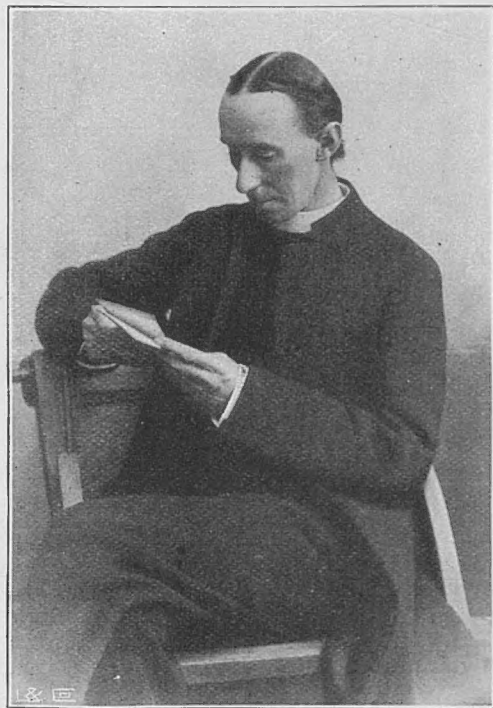
"Not a word; but I haven't seen this week's issue."

"Nobody ever does, I think"—and therewith we gave each other our blessing, and I departed in peace from the High Priest's abode. He will only gently rag me, I trust, if I further unveil him as an "Old Westminster," and graduate of University College, where he was entered in 1888. In due time he was called to the Bar, but does not practise to any great extent, finding a greater fascination in law-coaching and journalism. Nor is his journalistic connection wholly academic. He finds it possible to serve the *World*, as well as the mystic *Isis*. The *Isis* has been the mother of Mr. Pigott's "Common Room Carols," a very successful volume of verse, "Two on a Tour," a collection of prose sketches, and a volume of Twelve Humorous Songs (Ascherberg). In the *World* first appeared Mr. Pigott's "Songs of the Session," recently published by Innes and Co.



MR. PIGOTT.

Photo by Gillman, Oxford.



DEAN PAGET.

Photo by Gillman, Oxford.



M. SARDOU SAID, "I DRINK TO THE GREAT AND GOOD SARAH."

SMALL TALK.

And so the Countess Lara is dead, and her life-story, never forgot, is all raked up again. Hers was a strange career, full of glaring lights and dark shadows, the darkest that which saw her blink out at Naples on the last day of November. Many influences had been brought to bear on

her life. She was born on French soil—at Marseilles, in 1850, perhaps earlier; her father was English—a certain Mr. Cattermole—her mother was Russian, and a great part of her life was spent in Italy. In 1875, Evelina Cattermole, as she then was, married a son of Signor Mancini, the well-known statesman, repeatedly in office as Minister with the support of an influential parliamentary party. Her husband, an officer of the Bersaglieri, thus had good prospects and position in society. But she soon put an end to all, for she had not been married a year when she involved herself in an intrigue with a Government



THE COUNTESS LARA.

clerk called Bennati di Baylou. The whole thing was sordid to the last degree. Captain Mancini killed his rival in a duel; her maid, who had revealed the guilty secret, poisoned herself in a fit of remorse for having connived at the wrong-doing; and her husband left her. So Evelina came to call herself the Countess Lara, and embraced letters and lovers with a bounteous bosom. Novels and verse poured forth from her pen for years, and she wandered from Florence to Rome, and then to Naples, retaining, with her fair blonde complexion, some pretensions to beauty to the last. It is scarcely two years since the attempted suicide of an enthusiastic poet was ascribed to his despair of enjoying her favour; and she has now been shot dead by a jealous Neapolitan artist, Giuseppe Pierantoni.

The Hon. R. J. Seddon, who, by the Progressive victory at the New Zealand General Election, is made Premier of the Colony for the second time, is the son of a Lancashire schoolmaster. Born fifty years ago, he started life in the Colonies as a miner, and became agent for the Miners' Union, a position which he afterwards combined with that of a publican. He first became Premier three years ago.

An interesting piece of information comes to me from Leeds. The statue of Sir Robert Peel has been removed from its former position in front of the old Post Office, and it is possible, I am told, that it may be placed to match that of the Iron Duke before the Town Hall. The great Freetrader is shown standing, dressed in his ordinary clothes. Clad in municipal robes, *per contra*, is the effigy of Mr. Marsden, a former Mayor of Leeds and inventor of the stone-breaking machine. This statue is absolutely the only public monument in Leeds that remains white and ungrimied by any sooty deposit, and a popular legend concerning this in Leeds used to run to the effect that the statue was washed weekly by Mr. Marsden's widow.

Again that tale of barbers prosecuted under the Act of Charles II. for Sunday shaving. It is a Sheffield barber this time. He was solemnly convicted, but the High Court quashed the conviction on some technical point. Until this senseless statute is repealed, I hope the High Court

will go on riddling it with technical points. To make it legal to pay for a journey by train or omnibus on Sunday, but illegal to be shaved for threepence, or whatever may be the cost of this necessary operation at Sheffield, is pure idiocy. Shaving is indispensable to cleanliness, and to make uncleanness a religious observance is like herding with wild asses. It would be just as rational for the water companies to cut off the water supply on the Sabbath. Some measure of Sunday trading is necessary to the community, and therefore the Act of Charles II. is a public nuisance.

In "Margaret Ogilvy" Mr. Barrie has written what many of his admirers will regard as his masterpiece. The book is almost unique in biography, because, while drawing a singularly vivid and beautiful portrait of his mother, the author has painted his own youth and early struggles in literature with striking fidelity and charm. "Margaret Ogilvy" belongs to a very high order of literary art; and yet the story unfolds itself with the simplicity of a fireside tale. Moreover, the reader feels himself at home in this household; he has no sense of being an intruder, admitted by some accident or indiscretion to the privacy of a family with whom he has no legitimate acquaintance. Mr. Barrie takes us to his mother's death-bed, and hushes us to that reverence which fell upon the actual eye-witnesses of the scene. Since Thomas Newcome said "Adsum," English readers have known no such exquisite truth and pathos as the death of Margaret Ogilvy.

It is easy to see from whom Mr. Barrie inherits his humour. Mrs. Barrie (always known to her neighbours by her maiden name) was a humorist of the first order. Her immovable belief that all her son's heroines were modelled on herself, because he knew nothing about any other woman, makes one of the most delicious passages in the book. Her wonder that the London editor should care for sketches of the "Auld Licht" folk, her suggestion that she should call upon him and renew his possibly fading interest in the subject by her personal fascinations, her regret that she was not the mother of Carlyle, Mr. Gladstone, and great men in general, the various conspiracies of her children to prevent her from managing the house when she ought to be in bed, her stern resolve to see nothing in Stevenson, and the discovery that she was hiding "The Master of Ballantrae" under her apron—all these details, and many like them, enrich our memories with beautiful things that hover between laughter and tears. What I feel about "Margaret Ogilvy" is that it is one of those rare companions among books which we read at any moment and in any place, which we take a breath of now and then with infinite pleasure, as in a garden of unfailing bloom. In a word, Mr. Barrie has written a book which has a considerable chance of becoming a classic.



MR. BARRIE'S MOTHER.

Reproduced from "Margaret Ogilvy."

None but the most ungracious of curmudgeons could grudge *la divine* Sarah her triumph of last week. It is pleasant to see groups of men and women belonging to every section of the world of French art uniting together in order to do honour to a comédienne, and Madame Bernhardt has deserved this apotheosis. All her old friends gathered round her. Coppée, in whose lovely idyll "Le Passant" she first burst upon the Parisian playgoer; Sardou, who has written round her personality a long series of powerful dramas; Catulle Mendès, Halévy—in a word, all the older band of "masters" who still dominate *les jeunes* from the height of their genius. On that one day jealousies and old quarrels were forgotten, and journalists, poets, dramatists, novelists, critics, and mere worldlings met in happy fellowship at the shrine of the great actress, who, in return, acted before them as even she had never played before. The much-coveted red ribbon is probably being kept back to serve as the President's New Year gift to "*la grande tragédienne*," as the Quartier Latin loves to style Sarah. By the way, among the trophies which gave her most pleasure were the letters from Sir Henry Irving and the Lyceum Company, and Mr. Wilson Barrett, who added a silver crown or coronet!

Romulus and Remus, to say nothing of Rudyard Kipling's hero Mowgli, have at last a rival in little Fritz Yorst, who was first kidnapped by two humans, and then adopted by a more humane lady bear, who proved the kindest of foster-mothers to her foundling. Considering the extraordinary manner in which animals adopt each other's young, there is no reason why such a story should not be more or less true. It would be interesting to see what would happen if a gorilla, deprived of her own offspring, were offered as substitute a healthy baby; but even the late Mrs. Dyer would probably have shrunk from taking an active part in such a test case.



HON. R. J. SEDDON, PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND.

Photo by Standish and Prece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Ferretting is always interesting for all ages of sportsmen. To begin with, it is perfectly safe, no guns being required, and the youngest can enjoy the fun of being set to watch some net-covered hole, and the better fun of seizing the frightened bunny as he tumbles into the snare. If some rabbits do escape, then the little sportsman yells with joy as they



A DAY WITH THE FERRETS.

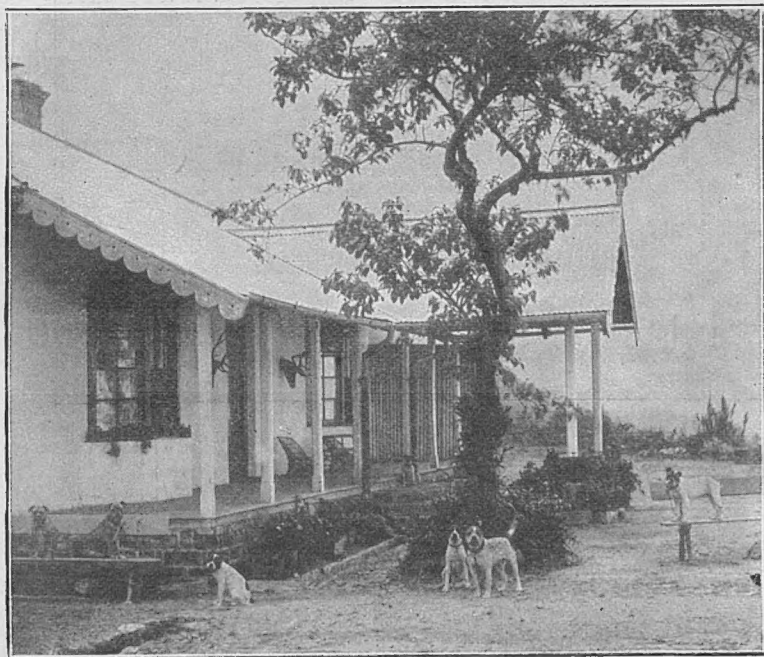
Photo by J. T. Newman, Great Berkhamstead.

scamper over the hillocks, with their white tails whisking up and down like lightning, a fox-terrier barking at their heels until they disappear over the swelling uplands. And then the excitement when he finds he has run several into a stop, and has to dig up to them.

At Mammoth Hot Springs, in Yellowstone Park, there is a fence made of elk-horns. The fence is composed of over three hundred selected elk-horns. None have less than twelve points, and a great many have the royal fourteen points. They were shed in March 1895, and were gathered in June of the same year, within a radius of ten miles of Mammoth Hot Springs, and within four days' time. There are about two thousand five hundred elk in the park now.

I am indebted to an officer in Bengal for the photograph of his house and dogs—"On Guard."

Tennessee seems to be the eagle's paradise. As most people are aware, the king of birds has been gradually driven from his European mountain eyries, partly by the advance of civilisation, partly by the barbarous folly of tourists who consider themselves sportsmen. In Tennessee, however, although there are many expert catchers of young eaglets, the parent birds are left strictly alone, and they always make their nests in eyries high up on Stone Mountain, the Great Smoky Range, the Bull Head, and the Unaka, out of reach of even the surest footstep.



ON GUARD IN BENGAL.

American yachtsmen will give very high prices for good eagles, for there is a very general superstition that the craft carrying an eagle for its Mascot will never go down, and *Defender*, which defeated *Valkyrie III.* last year, carried at its helm two young Tennessee eagles which seemed to enjoy the race as much as anybody. Those who long for thrills should go eagle-catching in Tennessee. After such an experience they will consider bear-shooting and tiger-hunting very slow. Not the hardest mountaineer dare go eaglet-catching alone; four men make up a party and stalk down their victims with the greatest care, for it is a curious fact that several pairs of eagles will join together in order to fight a human being, or to kill a lamb or a calf; in fact, anything that will make a good meal. Occasionally an eaglet may be captured by means of a large trap baited with some small live animal. Attempts have also been made to capture them in nets, but without much success. Therefore, I recommend those sportsmen longing for other worlds to conquer to make their way to Tennessee.

Money-Spinner literally deserves his name. When under two years old, he was bought by his present owner, Mr. H. T. Crosthwaite (then in partnership with Mr. Castle, of Hampton Court Club, East Molesey), for £150, in December 1895, and since then he has proved himself a veritable spinner of money by winning, with but one exception, on every occasion on which he has been shown, besides doing good service as a stud-dog. At the great Derby Show, which was his first public appearance under his present name (he had originally been shown under the name of Warwick Royal), he was adjudged by Mr. Redmond three first prizes, and the Fox-Terrier Club Cup and Championship, no small victory when he was competing for these honours against such well-known winners as Go-Bang, Master Bristles, Tipton Slasher, Cauldwell Nailer, and Meersbrook Magpie. Since then he has gone on from success to



MONEY-SPINNER.

Photo by Wayland and Co., Blackheath.

success, taking first prizes and cups at Darlington, Liverpool, Leicester, Manchester, High Barnet, Brentwood, Woolwich, and, only recently, at the National Show at Birmingham. Money-Spinner is never sent to any of the minor shows. He was born on Oct. 29, 1893, and was bred, by Mr. C. P. Hill, from Limefield Royal and Sally Lunn. On his sire's side he has the blood of the finest breed of wire-haired terriers, while with the dam there comes in a strain of the best smooth blood, giving Money-Spinner the desirable (but hard to obtain) qualities of the coat and character of the wire-haired breed combined with the best points of the smooth. He is already sire of Charlton Fortune-Teller, the dog-puppy that did so well at the recent Oxford Show, and there are others shortly to make their appearance on the show-bench who will redound greatly to his credit, all of them bearing a strong resemblance to him.

Driving enthusiasts will read with interest Mr. J. J. Hissey's "On Southern English Roads" (Bentley) in these days, when the principal object in travelling seems to be to cover the greatest amount of ground in the shortest possible space of time; to travel from city to city with guide-book in hand and time-table in pocket, seeing little and probably caring less, anxious only to catch the next train. It is, therefore, with a sigh of relief and a feeling of rest that one takes up Mr. Hissey's book, full of interest from the first page to the last. How one longs to be able to follow his example and enjoy the beauties of Nature in a similar fashion! In his present work Mr. Hissey takes his ramble through the counties of Sussex, Hants, Dorset, Somerset, and Wilts, and lays bare to our view many lovely localities and legends. One of the latter I cannot help quoting, to show the curious origin of names of places often untraceable. In answer to a question of Mr. Hissey's as to why a certain wood in the neighbourhood of Laughton was called "Breeches Wood," his local informant told him that, "long ago, the Parson in those parts was a very poor man, and used to dress very shabbily, one portion of his garments being especially notable for their want of repair; so the owner of that wood, taking compassion on him, left the rent of it to provide breeches for the Parson. It's funny history, but true." The book is very well illustrated by wood-engravings of picturesque spots, that of the old Manor House of East Mascall's being a notable one.



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD, NOW APPEARING AS PHEBE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT,"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

The recent duel between M. Ferdinand de Lesseps and another officer in the French Army was announced in the London papers on the day that an old friend, who has spent the last eight years in South America, came to see me. Conversation turned upon the subject of the famous canal, and, as he knows Panama intimately, I listened to my friend's views with more than usual interest. He began by saying that the completion of the canal was a certain achievement of the twentieth century, and went on to tell me that the conditions under which work could now be carried on were altogether more favourable than in days gone by. The flat marshland, low-lying and fever-breeding, has been drained in many parts; the influx of the sea on either side—for work was commenced at each end—has tended to purify and cool the air. The crumbling nature of the ground, the dangers of the climate to all but very temperate people, and the bad repute into which the place has, not unnaturally, fallen, are, of course, almost insuperable difficulties; but Europeans do not readily recognise the immense work that has been done already. My friend, who is unusually well informed, said it was not unlikely that American enterprise would ultimately step in if Europe continued to look askance at Panama. Presumably the time is not very far off when the winds and waves that riot round Cape Horn will get less patronage. The most stay-at-home man in creation will or should be glad when science ultimately gets the best of the fight in Panama. At present the wretched place has been the grave of more fortunes, hopes, and reputations than the Sahara Desert. I suppose the flooding of that desert will be the next attempt of mankind when a hole has been dug between North and South America.

At the present day Wood Lane leads to Wormwood Scrubs Prison, but there was a time when it was put to a more dignified and possibly a better use. A map of the Parish of Hammersmith, as it was in the year



A FORMER HOME OF SIR E. J. POYNTER.

of Prince Charlie's rebellion (not that the parish incriminated itself in any way with that event), shows Turven's Lane, now known as Wood Lane, pursuing its straight course through open country and past Turven's Farm, till it enters a huge wood covering the ground that to-day is styled "The Scrubs." Long before her Majesty's Prison Commissioners cast their eyes towards Wormwood Scrubs, some well-to-do person had acquired a portion of land adjoining Wood Lane and built thereon a respectable mansion of some other than any of the approved designs of the present day. Wood House, as it is called—for it still exists, although it is doomed—is a quaint old building that has seen many strange vicissitudes. It has been utilised as a club, and it recently played some part in an exhibition that was held within its grounds. Now it has fallen on worse days, and its end is not far off. Wood House Estate is to be turned into a depôt for the London Central Railway, and all the buildings which it contains are to be pulled down. Two doors from Wood House stands Beaumont Lodge, which, after having been the home at one time of Sir Edward Poynter, the President of the Royal Academy, and, later, of Mr. Walter Crane, has become the prey of the destroyer.

"Why not Malaga?" These words have served me in three or four cases during past weeks when people have asked me to suggest something fresh in the way of a winter resort. Much as I like the Riviera, I can understand that it palls upon the people who go year after year to the same place, while even Cairo is becoming overdone, and is at best a very long journey. Malaga, on the other hand, has advantages innumerable. There is an excellent mail service from London to Gibraltar, and the Rock is only a few miles' journey from the charming Spanish city. Once in Malaga, the invalid will find good hotels, a delightful climate, beautiful scenery, and excellent food. The drives in the neighbourhood are superb; in the valleys among the mountains the vineyards and olive-farms repay a visit at any time; while the Malagueña is the most beautiful of all Andalusian women, and worth going miles to see. Those who wish to go inland will find much to repay them in old towns whose names are almost forgotten; there will be a superabundance of sunshine, and seldom or never a cold day. I am very attached to Malaga, and quite sure that, when it is better known, the lovely but artificial charms of Monte Carlo will not hold their own against the rugged splendours of its Spanish rival. At the big hotels in Malaga French is freely spoken, and there are always guides and managers who have mastered some of the many difficulties of English.

The Brighton Chain Pier has not waited to be removed in the way common to condemned structures. It would almost seem as if the work of the naval captain of three-quarters of a century ago, which has become so identified with the extraordinary development of London-by-the-Sea, resented the indignity to which it had been condemned, and had conspired with its lifelong companion, Old Ocean, to disappear by some

more striking and dignified means than that offered by the hands of the vulgar "wrecker" of condemned buildings. At any rate, its destruction took place with terrific noise and in an extraordinarily dramatic manner, and it contrived, in the moment of its exit, to inflict most desperate injuries on the various modern rivals which had so successfully usurped



ONE OF THE MANY WOODEN GROYNES SWEEP AWAY AT BRIGHTON.

Photo by T. J. Cartland, Windsor.

its place as attractions to the fashionables of that watering-place so associated with the ignoble career of "the first gentleman of Europe," and with the genius of the cynical novelist who so satirised him. A friend of mine, who happened to be spending last week at Brighton, tells me that such scenes of wild excitement he has seldom experienced at any watering-place on the English coast. The ferocious gale which worked the mischief was from the south-east—a somewhat unusual experience for Sussex, where the heaviest winds are generally from the south-west.

A Continental doctor, with a tremendous reputation for curing the ills to which the weaker sex is heir, has been treating me to a very unmeasured denunciation of modern dress. He began on my casually referring to the *matinée-hat*, and went on to declare that, in her choice of attire, womankind is just as erratic in every department as she is in theatrical headgear. Speaking of the elegant waist we all so much admire, he told me that its only significance to him was a mass of useful internal arrangements pushed out of place, or crowded out of all possibilities of development. Even the elegant high-heeled boot afforded him an opportunity for a diatribe against ladies' bootmakers. Certainly he did quote facts and figures that were really alarming; but our conversation took place on a very fine afternoon, by the open windows of a club, the sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing in the Green Park, so that I declined to believe the world was in such a bad way as my friend suggested. I asked him to sketch the ideal costume for me, but this he refused to do. Finally some other listeners came along, and I escaped, yet I thought I would just let womankind know the necessity for prompt reform, in order to save all these horrors.



THE BRIGHTON CHAIN PIER.

Photo by Donovan, Brighton.

Lovers of Dickens will be glad to know that the little Midshipman which figures so largely in "Dombey and Son" is still to be found in the City, now, as then, "eternally employed outside the shop-doors of nautical-instrument makers in taking observations of the hackney coaches." You will find it at the shop of Messrs. Norie and Wilson, 156, Minories. The fact is recalled to me by the *City Press*, which always contains some interesting antiquarian details. And now, perhaps, many will make a pilgrimage to the sturdy little figure round whose entity circled so many familiar friends of us all—Captain Cuttle, shrinking, inconsequential Mr. Toots, Florence Dombey, and old Sol Gills, who himself was the proprietor of the little Midshipman. What a pity it is that so many of these strange trade-marks, for so, surely, they have a right to be called, have entirely vanished! The early Victorians were great sinners in this respect, and many of us are now employed in reconstituting much of what our fathers and grandfathers wantonly destroyed. However, it is pleasant to think that the little Midshipman, at least, survives.

Why was Lord Rosebery, in his admirable speech on London the other day, "doubtful about Browning" being a literary son of our great Metropolis? Dr. Furnivall clearly traced the family tree of the great poet through several generations, and I believe there is no doubt that both his father and grandfather were in the service of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," and that they lived in Greater London, if not in London proper. I believe, too, that there is no doubt whatever that Robert Browning first saw the light in the straggling parish of Camberwell, and even as long ago as 1812 I should imagine that the once rural Camberwell could claim to be considered as a suburb of the great City. No, no, my Lord Rosebery; Sir Walter Besant gave you Scott and Burns, but I think you must not dispute our greatest poet with the Cockneys who are so proud of and so thoroughly appreciate him.

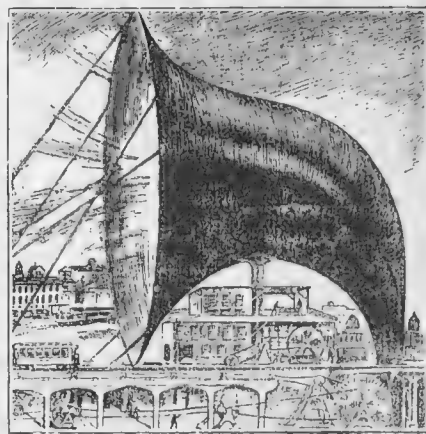
Fairy-tales are the order of this Christmas season, and the brothers Grimm remain the patron saints of the modern fairy. That is why I reproduce the statue which has just been erected in their honour at the quiet little town of Hanau. Prussian, Saxon, Bavarian forgot their troubles for the time being, and all the German-speaking people united to do homage to these great men, and the ceremony was brought to a conclusion by a series of *tableaux vivants* of the principal fairy-tales with which the Grimms have charmed the world for the last three-quarters of a century. Little Red Riding Hood and her Wolf was there. Snow-white and Rose-red, with their angel guardians and the wicked dwarf, the Goose-maiden, Hänsel and Gretel, followed in quick succession. There was a large imitation gingerbread house surrounded by gnomes; Hänsel was picking sweets off the walls, and the wicked fairy was watching them from the window. The children of Hanau will not readily forget the sight. Appropriate speeches were given on the



MONUMENT TO THE GRIMMS AT HANAU.

influence of the Grimms on literature, and a banquet was held. The statue itself stands on a fine pedestal of Swedish granite. Jacob Grimm is represented sitting reading a book, and beside him his brother stands. The whole pose is rich in fantasy, and has been admirably executed by Professor Eberle in Munich.

Now and again some theorist in advance of the age seriously contemplates the practical utilisation of the tides which ebb and flow ceaselessly round the white cliffs of Old England, and he dreams of costless electricity applied to every requirement of modern life. Lord Kelvin includes "Winds" in his list of available forces, and certainly some late experiences of the Brightonians lead one to quite see the point of the great scientist's contention, for if the powers of wind and storm can do so much harm, there is no reason in the nature of things why man should not harness them and make them proportionately beneficial to himself, the more so that in the case of the Trade Winds absolute regularity is achieved, and all at the cost of Nature. Thus, the *Chicago Tribune* figures out, as Sir George Orreyd would say, a diagram showing how the wind might drive its printing-presses.



A WIND-CAGE.

A few days since, at Mr. Murray's historic house in Albemarle Street, I had the pleasure of inspecting the bust of Sir Walter Scott which, it is hoped, will ere long take up its position in Westminster Abbey, where, I understand, room will be found in the South Transept for this tardy memorial to the undying genius of the Wizard of the North. The bust is the work of Mr. Hutchison, and is an admirable copy of that famous bust of Chantrey's which adorns the library at Abbotsford, and which is doubtless familiar to many a pilgrim to that shrine of a great master of fiction. Chantrey's marble presentment of Sir Walter is, I believe, considered almost, if not quite, his greatest work in the direction of portraiture; it was executed in 1820, and was followed by two replicas, which were executed for two well-known gentlemen who were admirers of the magnificent genius of the author of the "Waverley Novels." One of these gentlemen was, I believe, the hero of Waterloo, the other the great Sir Robert Peel. Lord Lothian, who is taking a keen personal interest in this tribute to his immortal countryman, has, in response to his appeal, received some two-thirds of the sum necessary to complete the work. Enough has been found to cover the cost of the bust, which is now in the care of Mr. John Murray, and to pay the fees at the Abbey, which, by the way, are considerably heavier than the generality of people suppose. Some two hundred pounds are still required for the expenses of fixing the bust in its allotted place, and for the pedestal or bracket on which it will eventually stand. So small a sum should easily be subscribed among the numberless admirers of Sir Walter Scott. Subscriptions may be sent to the Town Clerk of Galashiels, who is the honorary secretary and treasurer of the fund.

Miss Bessie Clayton, the dancer who figured for a time in "Little Christopher Columbus" and at the Palace Theatre—she was on her honeymoon trip at the time—has made a great "hit" in Australia, a correspondent tells me. She is able to twist her body and throw her limbs about in any position without ever having had a day's training, nor is continual practice necessary to make her perfect. Her double-jointed body is always supple, and a long period of rest detracts nothing from the agility with which she is able to pirouette and pose about the stage.

After a long course of training, some loose-limbed dancers acquire the ordinarily difficult task of being able to touch the back of their heads with either foot. To Miss Clayton this has always been the merest child's-play. She aspires much higher in the backward direction. A flashing toe coquettes with a bunch of flowers held high above the head, as easily from the rear as from the front, to such giddy heights as Miss Clayton's dainty foot reaches. My correspondent says: "Seeing this young lady's legs flashing about in all directions with the suppleness of a marionette figure, well might a George Meredith be moved to rhapsody, for here are limbs that smile and wink at you—limbs of ebb and flow, and high-tide ripples far surpassing the cavalier legs of Sir Willoughby Patterne, which walked straight into the heart of Mrs. Mountstuart." Miss Clayton has always danced. As a maiden of tender years—she is barely twenty yet—she danced at the White House before President Harrison, and from that time till a few years ago she danced for the sheer delight of the pastime. Then she joined a touring comedy company in America; then Mr. C. H. Hoyt—author and owner of so many successful plays and companies "over the way"—secured her services for a number of years. Her husband, Mr. Julian Mitchell, is the stage-manager for all Mr. Hoyt's productions. In Australia she has been appearing in Mr. Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown" Company. Miss Clayton has for some time been in receipt of an offer of sixty pounds a-week from the Folies Bergère, Paris, for an engagement of six weeks, and as soon as she can get released from her American contract she will make a prolonged stay in London and Paris.

A striking illustration of the enormous increase in popularity of cycling may be found in the very successful carnival held in Johannesburg, South Africa, on the 11th ult., in aid of the local hospital. The fête was inaugurated by the Johannesburg Cyclists' Touring Club, with whom the Chamber of Commerce, Mercantile Association, and other public bodies, as also the Wanderers' Cycling Club and numerous prominent members of Johannesburg society, co-operated. The weather left little to be desired, and the proceedings generally may be regarded as a great success, especially as they resulted in a substantial financial addition to the funds of the hospital. The procession was a very picturesque sight. Prizes were given for the most original costume and most tastefully decorated bicycle, resulting in a very keen competition. Sports were held after the procession in the Wanderers' Grounds, followed by an open-air fête in the evening, the "gate" for the day reaching the handsome total of £1300.

An important item of ameliorative cycling legislation has a Gallic source. M. Georges Berry, the well-known Deputy for the Ninth Arrondissement of Paris, has for a couple of years past been endeavouring to bring about a reduction in the tax on cycles, and now he has drafted an amendment to the law, which he entertains hopes of getting accepted. Heretofore, cyclists have had to pay eleven francs a-year for their machines. Under the Berry amendment, six francs will be charged for machines with one seat, eleven francs for those "made for two," and sixteen for those affording accommodation for three persons and upwards. *Nous autres Anglais* are, at present, free from a wheel-tax, but our immunity should not make us regard with indifference any measures lightening the financial burden of our comrades across *la Manche*.

Sandow, I hear, has not escaped the penalty of greatness in being inundated with applications for his photograph and autograph, while still more overwhelming are the number of letters asking for advice and

consultation on physical culture. In self-defence he must deny himself to all callers at 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, unless they come prepared to pay a fee of one guinea for advice and two guineas for a thorough physical examination, with a short sketch descriptive of the exercises most suitable to each particular case. You may consult him any day (but the "Sawbath") between one and three.



CYCLISTS' CARNIVAL AT JOHANNESBURG.

Much as I dislike ballad concerts in general, I occasionally come across one that lures me to appreciation. Such an one was given by Miss Rina Allerton at Steinway Hall last week. Her chief contributions were a Recitative and Aria from "*La Reine de Saba*," a quaint song by Brahms, "*Vergebliches Ständchen*," and Cowen's "*The Swallows*," all being rendered in a refined and artistic manner. Miss Allerton's voice is bright and powerful, and shows great promise of developing into a good operatic organ. Miss Estelle Linden—curiously like Mrs. Helen Trust: I shouldn't be surprised to hear that they are sisters—sang some *chansonnettes* in a delicately finished fashion; and Mr. Albert Archdeacon, who stepped into the breach made by Mr. Black and Mr. Stern, sang two of Korbay's virile Hungarian songs. His enunciation was delightfully clear, and, what so many concert-singers forget to do, he showed he had grasped the true spirit of the words he was singing. Why should contraltos generally choose semi-religious songs? "*Resurrexit*," by "the tinkling Tosti," was Miss Marian McKenzie's choice, and even her fine voice did not make me like it. Madame Haas, that most careful of pianists, played Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor admirably, and a gentleman, whose name did not appear on the programme, snored an uncalled-for accompaniment. I felt like shaking the man.

"Baa, baa, Bayard!
Would you like a Chaucer?"
"Yea, marry, would I,
Better ne'er I saw, sir!"
"Chaucer and Shakspeare,
These would do for me,
If it wasn't for the letters
In the dear D.T."



CYCLISTS' CARNIVAL AT JOHANNESBURG.

Photographs by Mr. Iurte Mitchell.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Do we talk overmuch about the stage? I read in a morning paper that when a man leaves a theatre, he straightway dismisses the performance from his mind, and devotes his conversation to more serious matters, politics, religion, sport, the Army and Navy, and the making of money. Sport is a widespread topic, no doubt; the Army and Navy I never hear of except in professional circles; the making of money murmurs fitfully in corners of the smoking-room; politics are rarely let loose except as a stimulus to ferocity, just as you throw raw meat to bloodhounds; and religion, I believe, is reserved almost exclusively for pulpits and platforms. I have passed many hours in the society of divines of all denominations, and they invariably told one another unsectarian anecdotes. The idea of a man emerging from a playhouse, and talking religion as soon as he reaches the street, strikes me as fantastic. Most of us have a taste for controversy; self-respect demands the assertion now and then of our opinion as to the moral order of the universe; we put an eminent politician in his proper place with an emphasis that varies according to taste. But these exalted subjects are not for everyday intercourse; and when you take a lady down to dinner, you do not say to her on the stairs, "What do you think of Gladstone's career?" You say, "Have you seen 'Under the White Hat'?"

So far, then, from forgetting the stage when the curtain drops, we find it indispensable to the nice conduct of a casual acquaintance. Books, in this regard, are of little use. You start on "The Gambols of Belial," and find that your temporary companion has not read that inspiring romance. But she *has* seen "Under the White Hat"; every girl who is properly brought up takes that drama in a course of six easy lessons in conversation and deportment; and by the time you have done with it, the *menu* has passed before you like a dream. I fear we are not sufficiently grateful to playwrights and players for this social service. We may not have spent an entirely delightful evening in the theatre; but the satisfaction of saying this at dinner is enormous. You will hear a discontented person abusing "Under the White Hat," declaring with some heat that he cannot see "what the Hat has to do with it," complaining that, as there are two white Hats in the play, their respective relations to the plot ought to be stated in the programme; and all the time he is unaware that, in providing him with matter for these critical remarks, the author has done him an excellent turn. On the other hand, the author may not recognise his indebtedness to the man who alleges this mystification about the Hats, and sends a number of curious people to the theatre to try their luck in discovering under which Hat is the little pea. It is this reciprocity of interest which makes the stage so important an element in our daily lives.

I have no doubt that Mr. Bernard Shaw continues his campaign against Shakspeare mainly to provide fresh matter for the general conversation. Old Adam, in "As You Like It," attributes his longevity and vigour to his abstinence from spirituous liquors in his youth. "What morality," exclaims Mr. Shaw, "from a bard who died drunk!" Here is an excellent topic to broach at dinner when you have reached the second glass of champagne. Did Shakspeare intend Old Adam to be a pattern to a blue-ribbon generation? If so, why is so much Shaksperian humour sustained by such a mighty flood of liquor? Why do we love Falstaff when he is deepest in sack? Lepidus, in his cups, is an imbecile; Cassio, in the same state, is egged by Iago into a brawl; but Malvolio is held up to ridicule because of his Puritanical dislike of cakes and ale. Do these conflicting examples of wassail and abstinence show that Shakspeare's potations had disqualified him for a proper judgment on the great issue of local veto? Ought Adam, who (to Mr. Shaw's disgust) has hoarded five hundred crowns, to have spent them in organising a trade union? When Richard III. cries, "My kingdom for a horse!" shall we despise him because he hadn't the foresight to demand a motor-car? These questions ought to keep some dinner-tables going for a whole season, to say nothing of the ripe exercise of sound Shaksperian criticism.

With all this talk about the stage, however, some ambitious spirits are dissatisfied. One of them has confided to the pages of a monthly review his belief that newspaper proprietors are jealous of the drama. They have betrayed this lamentable sentiment in their attitude towards Ibsen. This great analyst of modern life is unpopular because the

newspaper proprietors, afraid that he may wean their public from the current views of the social system, have combined to decry him and his interpreters. He holds the mirror up to nature, and the newspapers have smashed it. Remember the editor and printer in "An Enemy of the People." They take excellent care that their readers, the "compact majority," shall not be tainted with the heresies of Dr. Stockman. Who knows that Ibsen, in his next play, may not soar above editors and printers, and assail that great confederacy of proprietors which is keeping him out of his own? I can imagine them in secret conclave, saying to one another, "If this pestilent Norwegian should get a hold on the people, our circulation will shrink; nobody will want to read the papers; everybody will spend night and day in some theatre devoted to Ibsen. The stage, instead of the Press, will become the organ of public opinion, and we shall have to abase ourselves before mere actors." Does not this account for the indifference, if not hostility, of most of the journals to every Ibsen performance? They are fearful lest the stage should supersede leading articles, the police reports, the proceedings of the Divorce Court, and the annals of football. I begin to shudder at the prospect, for I see the insatiable maw of the box-office swallowing my bread-and-butter.

You cannot wonder at this trepidation when you consider the proud boasting of Sarah Bernhardt. Here is a great dramatic artist who eclipses Alexander, Napoleon, Columbus, and the University Extension lecturers. She has befriended French colonies, and put German colonies to shame. She has conquered America, and implanted the French tongue in every foreign literature. So completely is the world dominated by her personality that the rising generation everywhere has a Parisian accent. The little American boy says "*Je crois*" instead of "I guess," and addresses strangers with "*Dis donc*" instead of the patriotic "Say!" Now the newspapers cannot pretend to any such supremacy as this; and their uneasiness and resentment are not surprising. Suppose Sarah Bernhardt should suddenly announce her resolve to play Ibsen! The newspaper proprietors would then petition Parliament for a short Act, forbidding the great actress to set foot on our shores. Only by that drastic measure would our Press be saved from total extinction.

We feel the influence of the stage even when we are not directly talking of it. Just now the swain who wanders about the forest of Arden, marring the young trees by carving on them the name of his heart's idol, may be seen every evening at the St. James's Theatre. His reappearance coincides with a feminine discussion of the "Ideal Lover" in one of the magazines. Orlando, I learn from this, is expected to show his devotion by cleaning Rosalind's bicycle. That seems more practical than cutting her name on trees; but the damsels who visit the St. James's cannot fail to notice that Shakspeare is much more modern even than your cyclists. His heroine, disguised as a boy, makes hot love to the youthful but extremely short-sighted carver in bark. Moreover, Rosalind, having a beautiful voice, reverts to an old stage tradition, and edifies the young man with the "Cuckoo" song out of "Love's Labour's Lost." Orlando sits on a log and smiles rather uneasily, while Rosalind discourses to him of the cuckoo, "word of fear, unpleasing to a married ear." What would be thought of a modern dramatist who ventured to draw this "coming-on disposition" in a blameless young woman of our period? What would Mrs. Lynn Linton say? And the newspaper proprietors who are leagued against Ibsen, wouldn't they denounce this new invasion of the propriety which keeps up the "largest circulation"?

Rosalind in knickerbockers on a bicycle, falling in with the "ideal lover" in a wood, is not more staggering to our conventions than the blithe maiden who woos Orlando, and is taken for a man by the amorous Phoebe. What effect will this nightly spectacle, under the sanction of Shakspeare's name, have upon contemporary manners. I have been reading a learned paper in which a lady assures the world that "Nature's nuns" are growing in numbers. Will the maidens who gaze wide-eyed at the surprising behaviour of Rosalind hie them to this natural nunnery? In Paris there is a Théâtre Blanc, where pieces suitable for audiences of young girls are played; and it has been suggested that a similar institution is badly needed here. Would Rosalind be permitted to disport herself at our White Theatre in her doublet and hose, and to sing that song about the bird with the name "unpleasing to a married car"? One writer about the "Ideal Lover" says she has "a sneaking regard for the villainous Lovelace." He, I presume, would not be allowed to enter Nature's nunnery in any guise; but how, I wonder, is that sanctuary to be protected against the example of the flesh and blood which are so riotous in Shakspeare's young women?



HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The British Government has unfeelingly spoilt one of the finest possible opportunities for realising opera-bouffe in history. The late judgment of the polyglot Court of Appeal in Egypt gave a chance for topsy-turvy-calities that would have bankrupted Mr. W. S. Gilbert's invention to devise. The Commissioners of the Caisse, so said the Court of Appeal, could not vote by a majority to apply part of their surplus to the Dongola Expedition. The money was, therefore, to be paid back; but it was quite wrong of the inferior Court to charge the French and Russian Commissioners with the execution of this decree. Nobody in particular was to recover the money, and nobody would be one penny the worse if they refused to repay it—apparently. Further, if the Egyptian Government repaid the money, the Caisse might have decided, by the same majority as granted the half-million, not to receive it. Ought the receipt of the money to be unanimously decided? And if not, why not? And if so, how could anything ever be done at all with regard to the money?

But Lord Salisbury and Lord Cromer have cruelly cut off from us the prospect of great entertainment. They have provided the necessary loan to Egypt, and been thanked for their prompt assistance—in good time, for a French syndicate was hungering to provide the cash. But not for nothing does Milor Cromer wear the name of Baring. The great shout with which the French journalists hailed the victory over perfidious Albion has already begun to die away into querulous croakings and angry grunts. In fact, some egregious journalists have discovered that the judgment, though, according to others, a blow to English influence, was really instigated by subtle English policy, in order to get a hold on Egypt by a loan. The French nature is capable of absolutely insane developments of suspicion. Carlyle remarks that, during the French Revolution, men grew so suspicious that they suspected themselves of being traitors. And so, probably, some Anglophobic scribe of Paris will discover that, in mere lust of treachery, perfidious Albion will betray herself.

It is not so much English policy or treachery that keeps a small English force yet in Egypt as the blind spitefulness of French politicians. The Egyptian Government has just recovered, by Egyptian troops, a fertile province formerly belonging to Egypt, and has driven far off the savage tribes threatening to invade and plunder the land. The Egyptian Treasury has an ample surplus to cover the cost of the expedition, but France and Russia step in to stop the enterprise by withholding the money—and fail. Was ever a more suicidal policy, if their desire is to terminate the English occupation? Frenchmen desire to see Egypt restored to the Egyptians, they say; yet they refuse to allow Egyptian money to be used for an expedition which must be a source of pride to every patriotic Egyptian. They want to decrease British influence, and deliberately enable Great Britain to assume the position of the only real helper of Egypt. They profit as bondholders by the security and prosperity given by English organisation, and yet, at the same time, cry out that the country is being robbed and ruined and drained of wealth. Really! And why, then, are Egyptian bonds such apparently sound investments? Has perfidious Albion duped all the Stock Exchanges of all the world into believing ruin to be prosperity?

It is wonderful how much power a senseless nickname may have. "Perfidious Albion" is a catchword on the Continent, as "Punic Faith" was among the Romans. Yet even the worst and blackest instance of Carthaginian treachery recorded or invented by hostile Roman historians is mere righteousness compared with the way in which Rome and Romans behaved to Carthage in her extremity, and to many other cities and tribes. What do we see abroad now? France extorts from Siam and Madagascar oppressive treaties, and alters them after they are concluded, and breaks them to her own advantage; Germany stands convicted of past intrigues against her closest allies, and her high officials are revealed as involved in a squalid campaign of slander. Russia coolly abandons Armenians to massacre, that Turkey may crumble slowly away and become an easy prey. Even so, a hundred years and more ago, would Russia "protect" the Anarchy called the Polish Constitution—and with a like intention.

I do not say that our public faith is perfect, or that our hands are always clean. But I do say that for foreign journals, often reeking with corruption, and foreign diplomatists, often masters of discreditable intrigue, to charge all conceivable treachery on England, is the case of the mote and the beam.

So it seems that poor Mr. Bayard will not get his Chaucer after all—and the *Daily Telegraph* will lose the greater part of its advertisement. It would have been far wiser to ascertain the chance of acceptance before the subscription was started. Perhaps it is as well that Mr. Bayard did not take his prize for being a good Ambassador. Memories of the Grace Testimonial make us shudder at the idea of what we have just escaped. Cricket was bad enough; but what would have been the result if half a front page and two back ones had been given up to outpourings of affection towards the United States? War would have been the very least that could have come from such deadly tenderness. Possibly the recollection of some past newspaper testimonials may have moved Mr. Bayard more than the oburgations of Anglophobe critics at home.

MARMITON.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

Who says that we have reached the time
That scorns the charms of pantomime
Is simply prating in a way,
That shows he lets his senses stray.
For here the special numbers come,
In plenitude that strikes you dumb,
With story, verse, and coloured plate—
'Tis pantomime quite up-to-date.
Just ring the curtain up, and, lo!
You see the splendid Christmas show.
And, first of all, I must peruse
The *Illustrated London News*,
For she has had the longest reign,
This stately Queen of Milford Lane;
Yet has she all the charm of old,
Her bounteous heart grows never cold;
With Hardy, Crawford, and the rest,
The *Illustrated* stands the test.
Nor does her daughter fail to fetch—
Of course, I mean Mam'zelle *The Sketch*;
She brings two charming costumed maids
Whose beauty might arouse the Shades;
And then there's many a coloured page
To suit the tastes of every age.
Here comes the *Graphic* with Bret Harte,
And charms the eye with Leighton's art;
There's Kipling, Baring-Gould, and "Q,"
And coloured pages not a few.
Then little Master *Black and White*
Leaps out with youth's supreme delight;
And following him the veteran *Queen*
That ushers Sauber on the scene.
He also wields the painting-stick
To titivate the *Lady's Pic.*;
Its coloured plate, "An Eastern Song,"
Is sure to captivate the throng.
Right timely cometh *Holly Leaves*
To cheer the soul of him who grieves—
What Englishman can look with rue
On "Wellington at Waterloo"?
On flashing cycle set, you see
The enterprising *P.I.P.*,
With tales and pictures of the wheel
That make Creation's senses reel.
Right bounteous steps the splendid *Pears'*,
With many coloured picture wares;
A shilling seems too small a price
For such a Christmas-pudding slice.
How shall I further entertain
This merry, motley Christmas train—
The wit and comic jingle curled
Within the bosom of the *World*?
The roving, gay, guerilla youth
That Labby shows in Christmas *Truth*?
The *Pelican* that gives us tales
By all, except the Prince of Wales?
The sportsman will admire his "Spy,"
Who shows the pace in *Vanity*
(The name in full the Muses Nine
Refuse to jingle in my line;
And falsely must the accent fall
Upon *Old England's Annual*,
Of Faulkner, famed for Christmas-card).
The magazine of Marcus Ward
Is christened from the mistletoe
(And introduces Neil Munro).
The monthly magazines all file
Across the stage in sprightly style.
The *English Illustrated Mag.*
Is getting old, but doesn't lag;
Its cover shows a maiden coy,
Its contents are a thing of joy.
There's *Pearson's* and the *Lady's Realm*—
In fact, their numbers overwhelm—
The magazine that's Annie Swanned,
The *Windsor*, and the crowded *Strand*.
Nor does John Bull exhaust the list—
For Europe crosses to the tryst.
Here's France—for once she makes amends,
For Christmas makes the best of friends—
And sends the *Figaro* (whose tricks
Are rather dear at three-and-six).
Moderne Kunst will let you see
Christmas as made in Germanee.
With such a transformation-scene,
How can old pantomime be lean?
Nay, is she stronger than of yore,
Uniting hearts from shore to shore.
Ho, there! the dying year is bright,
With such a journal Boxing Night.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

AN AUSTRALIAN ROGUE.*

Mr. Hornung has hitherto been known by his first successful novel, "A Bride from the Bush," which charmed its readers partly by a certain pretty pathos, partly by its excellent character-drawing, as well as by other stories of a similar *genre*, some short and some long. But "The Rogue's March" is a distinct advance on anything that has yet appeared from Mr. Hornung's pen. He must now be reckoned definitely among the ranks of those novelists who write with knowledge and insight of Australian life, past and present, though, of course, he must be much too young a man to have seen with his own eyes what went on in the New South Wales of the early years of the Queen's reign, where and when the chief action of his new story is laid.

"The Rogue's March," however, does not suffer from this youthfulness of the writer. He has evidently gone to the right authorities, for the picture which he gives us of the convict system in those days bears the impress of intense reality. He makes his hero suffer some, at any rate, of the barbarities of that ingenious process by which thousands of men and women were converted with incredible quickness into utter savages; but, with infinite art, he passes over such details as would merely sicken and disgust the reader, and seizes with unerring instinct what is really essential. It is to be feared that not many convicts of those early Victorian days encountered so many dangers and difficulties and yet came out in the end with such good luck as Mr. Hornung's hero, Thomas Erichsen. But every story of convict life which bears any relation to reality must necessarily be so terrible that the reader is legitimately entitled to a reasonably happy ending. Mr. Hornung's readers will not be disappointed of their due, in spite of the hero's thrilling adventures, the cruelly unjust treatment to which he is subjected, and the mental agonies which he undergoes, and which are, perhaps, even more severe than his bodily sufferings. Things do not come absolutely right, for if they did the hero would marry the heroine in the first chapter and there would be no story. But they come as right as they possibly can, and though Mr. Hornung, in bringing them right, is obliged to put a severe strain on the probabilities, yet he does it so cleverly and naturally that the reader's sympathies are never alienated for a moment. He tells his story in clear, simple, and direct language, full of picturesque touches, yet with no irritating straining after effect; and in these days of slovenly English "The Rogue's March" is a pleasure to read, if only for the excellence of the style. The book deserves praise, however, on several other grounds. The character-drawing is good, a merit not often to be discovered in a somewhat melodramatic romance. The hero is not by any means perfect. On the contrary, he is very human, and when the hand of fate lies heavy on him, as it frequently does, he conducts himself in a fashion which even the most easy-going moralist can hardly approve. Mr. Hornung is like Sterne in his abnormally acute perception of the influence exercised by the most trivial incidents upon the tangled web of human life. Thus, the hero borrows a penny and allows the spin of the coin to decide whether he shall visit a certain house at Regent's Park. In consequence of that visit, he is wrongly accused of murder, found guilty, sentenced to death, reprieved, and subsequently transported.

The reader is wisely let into the secret of Erichsen's innocence at the very beginning, and his sympathies are thus enlisted on the side of the hero all through the book. Moreover, when Erichsen, maddened by the horrors of his convict life, turns on his persecutors, it is subtly indicated that his nature is fundamentally good, and even noble, and that he is the victim of the most untoward circumstances. The book is full of dramatic situations, which, however, are not at all forced, but occur easily and naturally as the story develops. As to the most notable passages of the book, the scenes in Newgate are admirable, and leave the

reader with a wonderfully strong impression of the licence and brutality which went on at that epoch in the famous prison. Further on, when Erichsen has arrived in New South Wales, the terrible abuses of the convict system are vividly exemplified in the description of Castle Sullivan, its brutal masters, and its herd of despairing convict-slaves. Again, the complex character of Daintree, who may be called the villain of the drama, is drawn with considerable skill, his singular combination of overweening vanity, passionate temper, and occasional thoughtful good-nature being admirably contrasted. The part he plays in the story is second only to that of Erichsen himself, and his actions are deftly utilised not only to develop the story, but also to illustrate and explain his character.

Claire, the heroine, is less clearly drawn, though she enlists the reader's sympathies by her great devotion to her boyish lover. Mr. Hornung has also drawn in her a true and delicate picture of early Victorian girlhood, no easy feat when the utter lack of material be considered, for curiously few stories of domestic life as it was sixty years ago were written by those who could have described it.

The scenes of Erichsen's flight from the flogging-place, his wanderings in the bush, and his meeting and adventures with the bushrangers, are as good as anything of the kind in recent fiction. The plot, complicated as it is, is perfectly interlocked, like some delicate piece of machinery, and it is impossible to discover a hitch or flaw in the varied action and reaction of motive and opportunity. Altogether, "The Rogue's March" may be commended without the least reservation as a most spirited and interesting story, admirably told, and without a dull page from cover to cover. It will be interesting to see if Mr. Hornung will follow up this book with others of the same kind. If he does so, the mantle of the author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend" and "Hard Cash" will have fallen on worthy shoulders.

A TRAGEDY OF THE WAGON-LIT.*

Major Arthur Griffiths has written many books, but none so likely to win him a large popularity as "The Rome Express." I always feel, when taking up one of his unfailingly entertaining stories, that, while scores of scribblers prattle of police and prisoners, Major Arthur Griffiths is the one man who really knows what he is talking about. Not only is he familiar with the dark alleys of our own criminal intrigue, but he knows the police and thieves of other cities so intimately that his most trifling word cannot fail to be instructive. Any reader who opens this book with the resolution that he will read a chapter of it and then resume his ordinary occupations, is likely to be surprised speedily out of such good intentions. From the very moment when a man is murdered in the *wagon-lit* of the Rome Express, until that other moment when the identity of the man is declared and his murderer made known, the story grips you like a vice. This is the more surprising when we remember what countless tales of detectives and murderers have been put about since Dr. Conan Doyle's unforgettable Sherlock Holmes. In form and scheme Major Arthur Griffiths' story is like hundreds I could name. It is the manner of telling it, and his consummate knowledge of the French police and of their methods, which give his book such power and force. M. Floçon, Chef de la Sureté, is a splendid sketch. The Contessa di Castegnito, for whom the choleric Sir Charles Collingham embroils himself in so many disputes with the French police, supplies very pleasantly the necessary rustle of a petticoat. Impossible as it may seem that a man should be murdered in a compartment of the *wagon-lit*, and that nothing should be heard of the struggle or of the murderer, Major Arthur Griffiths contrives to give great plausibility to his narrative. There is not a superfluous word in the 215 pages. The story goes at headlong pace—a great deal faster than the *direttissimo* which it concerns. It is certainly the best detective book of this or any recent season. M. P.



MR. E. W. HORNUNG.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

* "The Rogue's March." A Romance by E. W. Hornung. London: Cassell and Co.

* "The Rome Express." By Major Arthur Griffiths. London: John Milne.

THE BULLDOG.

"English, quite English, you know!" might well be the family motto of the bulldog and the mastiff, for, intimately related, they are both thoroughly British—indeed, it has been found that they will not thrive on the Continent. The bulldog's general appearance is too well known to need description, and his beauty is of that type which requires the eye of an enthusiast to discover it, especially as some of the chief points are the possession of a broad mouth with the lower jaws protruding, while the nose should recede, thus enabling the dog

with the most disreputable appearance consequent on the number of pied specimens then existing. But *nous avons changé tout cela*, and now no fault as to colour can be found with the breed, while the whip-tails, with tulip and button ears, have been left behind in the limbo of the past. One of the most famous bulldogs of the day before yesterday was Captain Holdsworth's Sir Anthony, with a pedigree as long as your arm. Mr. Donkin's Byron was another fine specimen. Unfortunately this dog met with a fatal accident. In more recent times, Raper's Rustic King, Layton's British Monarch, and Cedric generally headed the prize list; while Caste, Diomed, King Snow, Titan, and Young Bute are dogs which have assisted in carrying on the breed with the greatest satisfaction



AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER—PRIZE BULL BITCH PUPPY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

to breathe more freely while holding on to the nose, the most vulnerable part, of a bull. This general contour of countenance is known to lovers of the breed as "frog-faced." A strong characteristic of the bulldog is that, when he is once aroused, he will not let go what he has seized; he has even suffered his legs to be cut off and his tail burnt without relinquishing his hold. It was this gameness which constituted the sport in bull-baiting, a very ancient pastime, dating from the second Henry, but happily prohibited by law in the early part of the present century. The bulldog is not a general favourite, although there exists a society whose efforts are directed towards keeping up the breed, as well as improving it. At one time little attention was paid to colour, and generally the bulldog was associated

to all concerned. It is curious that in this breed the male is generally a far finer example of doghood than is the female. The bulldog is frequently employed by burlesque actresses to pose with them for pictures of Beauty and the Beast; occasionally, the dog is the more admired. There seems to be a consensus of opinion in this country that the bulldog is of a very amiable disposition, and that he consequently makes the safest companion for children. This opinion does credit to the patriotism of the nation, since the bulldog was certainly never "made in Germany."

Nothing could be more comic than the look of astonishment on the face of the puppy figuring on this page. She seems to be saying, "I suppose I am being photographed for my good looks. It can't be for anything else, I am sure."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE PICKETS.

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

"We be of one blood, you and I!"—KIPLING.

"Hi, Yank!"

"Shut up!" replied Alden, wriggling to the edge of the rifle-pit. Connor also crawled a little higher, and squinted through the chinks of the pine-logs.

"Hey, Johnny!" he called across the river, "are you that clay-eatin' Cracker with green lamps on your pilot?"

"O Yank! Are yew the U. S. mawl with a C. S. A. brand on yewr head-stall?"

"Go to hell!" replied Connor sullenly.

A jeering laugh answered him from across the river.

"He had you there, Connor," observed Alden, with faint interest.

Connor took off his blue cap and examined the bullet-hole in the crown.

"C. S. A. brand on my head-stall, eh!" he repeated savagely, twirling the cap between his dirty fingers.

"You called him a clay-eating Cracker," observed Alden; "and you referred to his spectacles as green lanterns on his pilot."

"I'll show him whose head-stall is branded," muttered Connor, shoving his smoky rifle through the log-crack.

Alden slid down to the bottom of the shallow pit and watched Connor apathetically. He gasped once or twice, threw open his jacket at the throat, and stuffed a filthy handkerchief into the crown of his cap, arranging the ends as a shelter for his neck.

Connor lay silent, his right eye fastened upon the rifle-sight, his dusty army shoes crossed behind him. One yellow sock had slipped down over the worn shoe-heel and laid bare a dust-begrimed ankle-bone.

Suddenly Connor's rifle cracked; the echoes rattled and clattered away through the woods; a thin cloud of pungent vapour slowly drifted straight upward, shredding into filmy streamers among the tangled branches overhead.

"Get him?" asked Alden, after a silence.

"Nope," replied Connor. Then he addressed himself to his late target across the river.

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Hi, Yank!"

"How close?"

"Hey?"

"How close?"

"What, sonny?"

"My shot, you fool!"

"Why, sonny," called back the Confederate in affected surprise, "was yew a-shootin' at me?"

Bang! went Connor's rifle again. A derisive cat-call answered him, and he turned furiously to Alden.

"Oh, let up," said the young fellow; "it's too hot for that!"

Connor was speechless with rage, and he hastily jammed another cartridge into his long, hot rifle; but Alden roused himself, brushed away a persistent fly, and crept up to the edge of the pit again.

"Hello, Johnny!" he shouted.

"That you, sonny?" replied the Confederate.

"Yes; say, Johnny, shall we call it square until four o'clock?"

"What time is it?" replied the cautious Confederate; "all our expensive gold watches is bein' repaired at Chicamauga."

At this taunt, Connor showed his teeth; but Alden laid one hand on his arm and sang out, "It's two o'clock, Richmond time; Sherman has just telegraphed us from your State House."

"Wall, in that case this crool war is over," replied the Confederate sharpshooter; "we'll be easy on old Sherman."

"See here!" cried Alden; "is it a truce until four o'clock?"

"All right! Your word, Yank!"

"You have it!"

"Done!" said the Confederate, coolly rising to his feet and strolling down to the river-bank, both hands in his pockets.

Alden and Connor crawled out of their ill-smelling dust-wallow, leaving their rifles behind them.

"Whew! it's hot, Johnny," said Alden pleasantly. He pulled out a stained pipe, blew into the stem, polished the bowl with his sleeve, and sucked wistfully at the end. Then he went and sat down beside Connor, who had improvised a fishing-pole from his ramrod, a bit of string, and a rusty hook.

The Confederate rifleman also sat down on his side of the stream, puffing luxuriously at a fragrant corn-cob pipe. Alden watched him askance, sucking the stem of his own empty pipe. After a minute or two, Connor dug up a worm from the roots of a beech-tree with his bayonet, fixed it to the hook, flung the line into the muddy current, and squatted gravely on his haunches, chewing a leaf-stem.

Presently the Confederate soldier raised his head and looked across at Alden.

"What's yewr name, sonny?" he asked.

"Alden," replied the young fellow briefly.

"Mine's Craig," observed the Confederate. "What's yewr regiment?"

"260th New York; what's yours, Mr. Craig?"

"93rd Maryland, *Mister* Alden."

"Quit that throwin' sticks in the water!" growled Connor. "How do you s'pose I'm goin' to catch anythin'?"

Alden tossed his stick back into the brush-heap and laughed

"How's your tobacco, Craig?" he called out.

"Bully! How's yewr coffee 'n' tack, Alden?"

"First-rate!" replied the youth.

After a silence, he said, "Is it a go?"

"You bet," said Craig, fumbling in his pockets. He produced a heavy twist of Virginia tobacco, laid it on a log, hacked off about three inches with his sheath-knife, and folded it up in a big green sycamore-leaf. This, again, he rolled into a corn-husk, weighted it with a pebble; then, stepping back, he hurled it into the air, saying, "Deal square, Yank!"

The tobacco fell at Alden's feet. He picked it up, measured it carefully with his clasp-knife, and called out, "Three and three-quarters, Craig. What do you want, hard-tack or coffee?"

"Tack," replied Craig; "don't stint!"

Alden laid out two biscuits. As he was about to hack a quarter from the third, he happened to glance over the creek at his enemy. There was no mistaking the expression on his face. Starvation was stamped on every feature.

When Craig caught Alden's eye, he spat with elaborate care, whistled a bar of the "Bonny Blue Flag," and pretended to yawn.

Alden hesitated, glanced at Connor, then placed three whole biscuits in the corn-husk, added a pinch of coffee, and tossed the parcel over to Craig.

That Craig longed to fling himself upon the food and devour it was plain to Alden, who was watching his face. But he didn't; he strolled leisurely down the bank, picked up the parcel, weighed it critically before opening it, and finally sat down to examine the contents. When he saw that the third cracker was whole, and that a pinch of coffee had been added, he paused in his examination, and remained motionless on the bank, head bent. Presently he looked up and asked Alden if he had made a mistake. The young fellow shook his head and drew a long puff of smoke from his pipe, watching it curl out of his nose with interest.

"Then I'm obliged to yew, Alden," said Craig; "'low I'll eat a snack to see it ain't pizened."

He filled his lean jaws with the dry biscuit, then scooped up a tin cup full of water from the muddy river, and set the rest of the cracker to soak.

"Good?" queried Alden.

"Fair," drawled Craig, bolting an unchewed segment and choking a little. How's the twist?"

"Fine," said Alden; "tastes like stable-sweepings."

They smiled at each other across the stream.

"Sa-a-y," drawled Craig, with his mouth full, "when yew're out of twist, jest yew sing out, sonny."

"All right," replied Alden. He stretched back in the shadow of a sycamore and watched Craig with pleasant eyes.

Presently Connor had a bite and jerked his line into the air.

"Look yere," said Craig, "that ain't no way for to ketch 'red-horse.' Yew want a ca'tridge on for a sinker, sonny."

"What's that?" inquired Connor suspiciously.

"Put on a sinker."

"Go on, Connor," said Alden.

Connor saw him smoking, and sniffed anxiously. Alden tossed him the twist, telling him to fill his pipe.

Presently Connor found a small pebble and improvised a sinker. He swung his line again into the muddy current, with a mechanical sidelong glance to see what Craig was doing, and settled down again on his haunches, smoking and grunting.

"Enny news, Alden?" queried Craig after a silence.

"Nothing much, except that Richmond has fallen," grinned Alden.

"Quit foolin'," urged the Southerner; "ain't there no news?"

"No. Some of our men down at Mud Pond got sick eating catfish. They caught them in the pond. It appears you Johnnies used the pond as a cemetery, and our men got sick eating the fish."

"That so?" drawled Craig; "too bad. Lots of yewr men was in Long Pond, too, I reckon."

In the silence that followed, two rifle-shots sounded faint and dull from the distant forest.

"Nother great Union victory," drawled Craig. "Extry! Extry! Richmond is took!"

Alden laughed and puffed at his pipe.

"We licked the boots off of the 30th Texas last Monday," he said.

"Sho!" drawled Craig; "what did you go a-lickin' their boots for—blackin'?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Connor from the bank; "I can't ketch no fish if you two fools don't quit jawin'."

The sun was dipping below the pine-clad ridge, flooding river and wood with a fierce radiance. The spruce-needles glittered, edged with gold; every broad green leaf wore a heart of gilded splendour, and the muddy waters of the river rolled onward like a flood of precious metal, heavy, burnished, noiseless.

From a balsam-bough a thrush uttered three timid notes; a great gauzy-winged grasshopper drifted blindly into a clump of sun-scoured weeds—click! click! cr-r-r!

"Purty, ain't it?" said Craig, looking at the thrush. Then he swallowed the last morsel of muddy hard-tack, wiped his beard on his cuff, hitched up his trousers, took off his green glasses, and rubbed his eyes. "A he-catbird sings purtier, though," he said.

Alden drew out his watch, puffed once or twice, and stood up, stretching his arms in the air.

"It's four o'clock," he began, but was cut short by a shout from Connor.

"Gee whiz!" he yelled; "what have I got on this here pole?"

The ramrod was bending, the line swaying heavily in the current.

"It's four o'clock, Connor," said Alden, keeping a wary eye on Craig.

"That's all right!" called Craig; "the time's extended till yewr friend lands that there fish."

"Pulls like a porpoise," grunted Connor. "Damn it! I bet it busts my ramrod!"

"Does it pull?" grinned Craig.

"Yes, a dead weight."

"Don't it jerk kinder this way and that?" asked Craig, much interested.

"Naw," said Connor; "the durned thing jest pulls steady."

"Then it ain't no 'red-horse'; it's a catfish."

"Huh!" sneered Connor; "don't I know a catfish? This ain't no catfish, lemme tell yer!"

"Then it's a log," laughed Alden.

"By gum! here it comes!" panted Connor; "here, Alden, jest you ketch it with my knife; hook the blade, blame ye!"

Alden cautiously descended the red bank of mud, holding on to roots and branches, and bent over the water. He hooked the big-bladed clasp-knife like a scythe, set the spring, and leaned out over the water.

An oily circle appeared upon the surface of the turbid water; another and another. A few bubbles rose and floated upon the tide.

Then something black appeared just beneath the bubbles, and Alden hooked it with his knife and dragged it shoreward. It was the sleeve of

a man's coat. Connor dropped his ramrod and gaped at the thing. Alden would have loosed it, but the knife-blade was tangled in the sleeve.

He turned a sick face up to Connor.

"Pull it in," said the older man. "Here, give it to me, lad——"

When at last the silent visitor lay upon the bank, they saw it was the body of a Union cavalryman. Alden stared at the dead face, fascinated. Connor mechanically counted the yellow chevrons upon the blue sleeve, now soaked black. The muddy water ran over the baked soil, spreading out in dust-covered pools; the spurred boots trickled slime. After a while both men turned their heads and looked at Craig. The Southerner stood silent and grave, his battered cap in his hand. They eyed each other quietly for a moment, then, with a vague gesture, the Southerner walked back into his pit and presently reappeared, trailing his rifle.

Connor had already begun to dig with his bayonet, but he glanced up sharply at the rifle in Craig's hands. Then he looked searchingly into the eyes of the Southerner. Presently he bent his head and quietly continued digging.

It was after sunset before he and Alden finished the shallow grave, Craig watching them in silence, his rifle between his knees. When they were ready they rolled the body into the hole and stood up.

Craig also rose, raising his rifle to a "present." He held it there while the two Union soldiers shovelled the earth into the grave. Then Alden went back and lifted the two rifles from the pit, handed Connor his, and waited.

"Ready!" growled Connor. "Aim!"

Alden's rifle came to his shoulder. Craig also raised his rifle.

"Fire!"

Three times the three shots rang out in the wilderness, over the unknown grave. After a moment or two, Alden nodded good-night to Craig across the river, and walked slowly towards his rifle-pit. Connor shambled after him. As he turned to lower himself into the pit he called across the river, "Good-night, Craig!"

"Good-night, Connor," said Craig.



"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."



THESE ARE MARY'S LAMB'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY REID, WISHAW.

FOR BEHOOF OF THE MODERN PEPYS.

A CHAT WITH MR. CHARLES LETTS.

Pepys brought the diary into fashion, but the house of Charles Letts and Co. has done much to provide succeeding generations with thousands of modern records, some of which may even rival in interest the most popular one among English readers. The up-to-date diary, varying in form, size, and shape to suit the particular wish of every intending



MR. CHARLES LETTS.

purchaser, is a model of arrangement and method; it gives invaluable information, and is constructed so as to be like the ideal private secretary—never in the way and never out of the way. The busy man can note his engagements, the man with leisure and a tendency to introspection can “Bashkirtseff” to his heart’s content, and a good diary is the safety-valve by which the graphomaniac restrains himself from the temptations of print. Were it only for this one fact, all editors would have reason to be grateful to makers of diaries in general and to Mr. Charles Letts in particular. It was in his office at Royal Exchange that Mr. Charles Letts senior, head of the firm of Charles Letts and Co., told me something of the history of diaries and the part his family has played in the progress of their development (writes a representative of *The Sketch*).

His grandfather started the firm, and bequeathed the business to his son, during whose lifetime it was converted into a limited liability company. Sixteen years ago the present Mr. Charles Letts found himself the nominal head of a company with whose inner workings and general business methods he was very dissatisfied. So he left the company and started by himself, and in the first year of his establishment published three editions. Four years later the limited liability concern with which he had been formerly connected went into liquidation, and the copyrights vested in it were bought by Messrs. Cassell and Co. This year the house of Charles Letts and Co. publishes more than one hundred and fifty editions, representative of the best workmanship and the latest ideas to be found in the market.

There is something fascinating about the life-history of a successful man or a successful undertaking, and the growth of the popular interest in diaries is well worth hearing about when the facts come from the lips of a man who knows all there is to know about his subject. Nobody can be long with Mr. Letts without noting the foundation of his consistent progress. Enterprise is the keynote of an undertaking that has taken his books all over the world and enabled them to give satisfaction everywhere. He has moved with the times, frequently a bit in advance of them. Are you a cyclist—lo! a dainty little diary, with all the information you are likely to require on the road or off it; are you a photographer, a commercial traveller, a doctor, an actor, a farmer—you shall find a pleasing little book just adapted to your special requirements. There are special diaries for ladies, and others for gentlemen, all edited with scrupulous care by men and

women who are specialists at the work in question. This ensures the output of books that can be thoroughly relied upon and are therefore much sought after.

Then, again, the very old Almanacks of the Stationers’ Company are now being published by Charles Letts and Co. They include Moore’s Almanack (devoid, alas! of the humours of prophecy); the British Almanack, one of the most comprehensive books of the kind one could possibly wish to see; the Goldsmith’s Almanack; the Clergyman’s Almanack, and others. In addition to this wholesome collection, the firm does a great business in the compiling of diaries for big companies to give away to their clients. All this and much more Mr. Charles Letts spoke about, interspersing his account with interesting little anecdotes, of which I have but space for one. A soldier came to his office one day and asked for him. “I owe my life to you,” said the soldier. “How is that?” asked Mr. Letts. For answer, Thomas Atkins pulled one of the firm’s diaries out of his pocket. There was a deep dent in it. “I was in action with this book in my breast-pocket,” the soldier continued; “a stray bullet got as far as the book and stayed there.” Since hearing this anecdote I have registered a solemn vow never to go into battle without a Letts’ Diary.

Mr. Letts does not think that the possibilities of diary development are yet exhausted. On the contrary, he says that there are yet hundreds and thousands of people who have not learned to take the diary seriously, or to regard it as an important factor in the record of some aspect of life. At present many people, especially in America, regard the diary as a toy, fit for children just learning to scribble. His aim is to make it indispensable to all thinking men and women, by giving them attractive facilities for recording their impressions. The broad view he takes of the work he directs so well lifts it out of the domain of the merely commercial undertaking. You cannot look through the wonderful catalogue of publications that meet every conceivable want without feeling that something more than commercial instinct is responsible for such rapid and ingenious development of this entertaining business, for it has a peculiar charm when looked at in view of the position of the gossip-diary in the past and of its many possibilities in the future.

Did you have any doubts whatsoever, a chat with Mr. Charles Letts would speedily remove them. He has found what the public requires, and is developing its taste in every direction. From three to a hundred and sixty-odd editions in sixteen years is an achievement of which any man may be proud. Of the work entailed, of the huge staff employed, of the minute researches required, the difficulties of being right up to date, and the way they are surmounted—of all these and many other things connected with a really fascinating business, I have the will, but lack the space, to write. The work done speaks better for its originator than any casual observer could hope to. The entry under date of visit in my own diary records the fact that I did visit the Modern Pepys at Royal Exchange, and was mightily pleased with all I saw and heard.



MAM'ZELLE.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.



MISS BOWMAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE AMERICAN'S "VANITY FAIR."

If you are a student of *Life*—and the New York weekly is well worth close study—you will have been struck, after Gibson, with the work of Mr. A. B. Wenzell. He has not the imagination of Gibson, nor the insight, nor the same individuality. He works in the different medium of wash-drawing—an art that Gibson has failed to master; but he probably appeals to a much wider circle, inasmuch as he is far less removed from the current art standpoint of his contemporaries. Thus the volume of his drawings, "In Vanity Fair," issued in this country by Mr. John Lane, forms an admirable twin companion to Gibson's two portfolios.

Born, probably (from his name), of German parents, in America, educated certainly in Munich, he has a good deal of the Deutsch draughtsman—such as you see in *Fliegende Blätter*, for instance—in his work. It is far more photographic in treatment and conception than Gibson's, for which reason it is much more obvious. Where it differs from German work is a certain delicacy of touch, the result of a long sojourn in the studios of Paris a few years ago.

Mr. Wenzell has duly developed an American girl of his own,



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT WITH A RUN.

not so impossibly goddess-like as Gibson's, not so encompassed with the finer ironies of life. His damsel, for instance, is confronted with her French husband riding in the Bois with another lady; or her German husband occupying the best seat in the carriage, and receiving the salutes of the passing officers. The lady who mates with the Muscovite must remember that in Russia the rigours of the climate induce a freer use of warming spirits. The young bride bathing in sight of the Promenade idlers must stand the starers. Wenzell, in fact, deals with "Vanity Fair" in its obvious aspects. He deals directly with his subjects, and acts directly on his spectator. And doing so, he appeals strongly to those who love a telling story-picture. His American girl figures, of course, in all the usual set of Society frames—at the opera, at the horse-show, in the hunting-field, at the seaside, and so on. It is not for his humour that one admires him, but for his splendid technique, which is marked by care of detail and by a general sense of beauty that is always welcome. His and Gibson's are two of the best art books of the season—books of beauty such as no study from actual life can ever be to the same extent. Mr. Lane has to be thanked for introducing them on this side of the Atlantic.



ONE OF THE DISADVANTAGES OF A FASHIONABLE RESORT.

WHEN A MODEST BRIDE AND GROOM SELECT A DESERTED PORTION OF A BEACH FOR THEIR BATH, IT IS AWKWARD ON EMERGING TO CONFRONT THE USUAL CONGREGATION.

Reproduced from "In Vanity Fair," by A. B. Wenzell (Lane), with permission of Mr. James Henderson, the Proprietor of the Copyright in England.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

A picture of obvious enough but none the less interesting sentiment, exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, is reproduced herewith. It is by Mr. John R. Reid, who gives it the name of "The Fairy Queen." The child in the poor home is being prepared for the pantomime stage by her mother, who arrays her in all the tinsel glory that is to be hers for a night. From the bed in a corner of the room the smaller brother takes the part of an interested spectator as the last stitches are given to the gay frock. The Fairy Queen herself, pleased with the prospects of the night, holds her wand with a pretty access of dignity, and poses herself with bright simulation. The whole idea is excellently conceived, and as excellently carried out. In every detail it is most carefully thought out.

The little exhibition, now on view at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, of Mr. Sutton Palmer's "Highlands and Lowlands," is a very pleasant and interesting affair altogether. Mr. Palmer is a most accurate and careful artist, and, if one had any fault to find with him at all, one would

deftness and nice skill. The characters consist of "The Vicar," "Quince," "The Belle of the Ball-Room," "My Partner," and "Portrait of a Lady." On the whole, the series devoted to the Vicar is the most humorous of the book. There is a stanza—

His talk was like a stream which runs,
With rapid change, from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses.

The scene by the fireplace, of the Vicar and his friend, the steaming punch on the settle, the black cat comfortably seated before the flame, is altogether delicious, and even worthy of Caldecott. The "Portrait of a Lady" also deserves particular mention; it is quite fascinating.

Another very attractive book published by Messrs. Henry and Co. is "The Pageant," the art editor of which is Mr. C. Hazelwood Shannon, and the literary editor Mr. Gleeson White. A "foreword" explains the great efforts that have been made to ensure delicacy of effect; the



THE FAIRY QUEEN.—JOHN R. REID.

EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

[Copyright reserved by the Artist.]

be inclined to put it at this—that he thinks more of what the public will like than of that which he himself cares for. He is something too much of a photographer, too little a chooser of beautiful things for himself. That he does this kind of thing to please the public rather than himself may be gathered from the excellence of his work when he is most himself, in so delightful an example, for instance, as his "Milford Common."

"The Parade," an illustrated gift-book for boys and girls, edited by Mr. Gleeson White, and published by Messrs. H. Henry and Co., is as pretty a volume as you shall wish to see on a winter's day. The contributors to its pages include John Oliver Hobbes, Richard Le Gallienne, Barry Pain, Max Beerholm, and others, some living, some dead. The illustrations are really admirable, often full of humour—particularly one illustrating the lines beginning "Young Smith who is now in 'The Third'"—often charmingly neat, and always distinguished and artistic. The cover is a riot of children carrying the banners of 1897 on horseback through the flowers, a design simple and bold. Mr. Gleeson White is to be congratulated on having fulfilled every intention with which he set out upon his venture.

Mr. Cecil Aldin has illustrated "Everyday Characters," by W. M. Praed, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., with great

pictures have been interleaved throughout by the Swan Electric Engraving Company, by whom the blocks have been made; and the mixing of the coloured inks has been supervised, in addition, by the art editor. Certainly the result is admirable. Moreau, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Laurence Housman, Giulia Campagnola, Watts, William Strang, and others, are very beautifully represented here. "The Invisible Princess," by Mr. Housman, is really a most impressive piece of work, and "The Genius of Greek Poetry," by Mr. Watts, is full of the most splendid mystery of poetical painting.

Messrs. Agnew have gathered together an exhibition at their Bond Street Gallery in aid of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution which nobody should by any chance miss. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner—to name but these—are most nobly represented, the first by his amazingly fine "Countess Talbot" and the "Duchess of the Third Duke of Marlborough." Raeburn, too, most accomplished of Scottish painters, is here with his "Mrs. Gregory," a searchingly fine work, in which all is included that should find a place, and in which the austerity of rejection, on the other hand, is perfectly exemplified. But you must go yourself to see the Turners, the Cromes, the Constables, the Romneys, in order to be persuaded that here is a show of the highest value and interest. Certainly Messrs. Agnew have accomplished a feat worthy of all praise.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A. : By Jove ! I've just had a splendid lunch—the best I've ever eaten.
B. : Who paid for it ?



"IN THE GLOAMING, OH, MY DARLING, THINK NOT BITTERLY OF ME!"

DRAWN BY HARRY R. NEILSON.



PIOUS FEMALE : Do they have matins in this church ?
OLD MAN : Yes, mum ; but they 'as oil-cloth up t' the pulpit.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CYCLE SHOW.

The fifth National Cycle Show at the Crystal Palace was far in advance of any former ones held under the auspices of the Cycle Manufacturers' Trade Protection Association. I cannot help thinking that it would have been better if the society had assumed a different title. The words "trade protection" do not convey to the public the intention meant by the association, but rather suggest a kind of union or anti-union combination not popular with the general run of folks. At the inaugural luncheon given on the opening day, Mr. Sturney in his speech gave a short outline of the dispute with the Stanley Club that led to the secession of many manufacturers from the parent show. It is not for me to enter into the rights or wrongs of the case; it is sufficient to note that the split has been for the benefit of all concerned: for the public in giving them two first-class shows instead of one, and creating a sort of rivalry which is beneficial to all, and for cycle manufacturers in giving them a better chance of exhibiting than would have been the case in one huge show.

The capacities of the large area covered by the Crystal Palace were taxed to their utmost. There were four rows of stands, covering the main avenue, with many side offshoots. The galleries were also brought into requisition, and even the sacred precincts of the Assyrian and Egyptian Courts were desecrated by our modern mode of locomotion. I could not help wondering what Rameses the Great would have said could he but have spoken on the merits of the Fleuss and Bagot pneumatic tyres. It certainly could only have been an expression of approval.

There is something in the present day that makes cycle shows extremely popular. The cycle itself, to begin with, is an article that attracts the eye, with all its bright and shining metal and its variegated colours of enamel; then, everyone now owns a bike, and the possessor is anxious to see whether his own is the best, and what new inventions there are; and, lastly, cycle manufacturers have a knack of making their stands decorative, which lends enchantment to the view.

To attempt to describe at length the various good things to be seen would be impossible, with 370 exhibitors, each claiming to have something of exceptional value. An encyclopædia would be required. Nearly all the first-class firms were represented, as can be seen by the list in catalogue. There seemed to be no change apparent in the general appearance of the cycles. The novelties were more or less confined to integral parts of the machines. There were, however, a few departures from the ordinary pattern that must be noticed. The first was the "Fawn" folding bicycle, which was exhibited on Stand 333 (of S. Rowe and Co.). The handle-bar, pedals, and frame are foldable, and, if the joints can be maintained rigid, it will be invaluable for travelling and storing away into a small space. The stand of the Patent Brake and Handle-bar Syndicate was worth a visit. The brake works automatically by back-peddalling. Messrs. Holloway and Co. showed an apparatus for joining two cycles together; this seems a great desideratum, as it forms at once a safety-sociable, and will, without doubt, come into general use. The Marriott Cycle Company had a good selection on view. They should name their cycle the "Foxhunter," in compliment to the Hon. P. O'Brien, who rode one of their make in a run with the Meath Hounds, and came in first, being presented with the brush. The Crypto Works exhibited a number of their speciality, the "Bantam," fitted with Dunlop and Fleuss tyres; on this stand also was a motor-bicycle, built for Major Holden and fitted with his patent four-cylinder engine, which looked more like business than any I have seen. Stanley Brothers had a fine show of cycles which could not be overlooked. There were several sorts of sociable bicycles, but these could hardly now be called novelties.

Turning from the complete cycles in the Central Promenade, the visitor was much struck with the various stalls devoted to the pneumatic tyre trade. Among these stood in bold relief the Fleuss Tubeless Pneumatic Tyre. Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. G. W. Dawes, I was enabled to thoroughly inspect and test the valuable patent, and, so far as I could see, it bore out in every way the many advantages claimed for it. The rapidity of detachment was certainly wonderful, and, after having personally punctured it severely with a strong cigar-probe, in almost less than a minute the repair was complete. When I further add that the Premier Company have ordered no less than 2520 of the Fleuss patent tyres, little more need be said.

After the Fleuss, I paid a visit to the Bagot Pneumatic Tyre Company, who claim for their patent the following advantages: the narrowest normal tread, perfect immunity from side-slip, increase of speed, resiliency, and durability, also a deeper cushion of compressed air under the wheel. That these various advantages have been practically tested there can be no doubt; space will not allow of giving the details of how these advantages are arrived at, but a visit to their stall (No. 169) must, I think, have satisfied the incredulous. Special notice should be paid to the Bagot puncture-sealing tyre, which is so constructed that punctures have no deflating result, as they are immediately self-sealed.

One rather ingenious invention I had nearly overlooked was the self-pumping saddle, if it may be so called. The tube of the saddle is utilised and made into a pump, a length of indiarubber tubing connecting with the valve of tyres. All that is required after fixing to the valve is to make use of the saddle by pumping up and down. Motor-cars were conspicuous by their absence; this seems to be a pity, considering the great interest taken in what undoubtedly will be the future mode of travelling.

A Pennington motor-cycle was shown, which is capable of conveying one or two riders at the rate of a mile a minute. The nerves of the rider of this machine must be made of iron, as well as the wheels.

LOOKING AFTER THE 'BUS-TICKETS.

On the Continent something of a craze has arisen for collecting tram- and 'bus-tickets, just as one would collect rare specimens of postage-stamps. The other day I asked a 'bus-conductor on one of the busiest routes in London whether he had seen any evidence of the thing here.

"There's one chap," was the reply, "as always rides with me from Bayswater in the mornin'—he was tellin' me that he collects specimens of 'bus-tickets. He's a German, I think, and he's the only one I have seen at the job. I suppose, therefore, it's not taken anything of a grip in London. Speakin' for myself, the company's ticket-inspector, who jumps on to your footboard, is quite enough. If the passengers were goin' to keep their tickets as curiosities, it wouldn't be a bad thing for one reason—they would be sure to have them for the inspector when he comes aboard."

There my friend hit upon a weak spot which possesses a good many of us—he touched the spot. "Your tickets, please?" Very familiar words, are they not? and often enough they fall upon our ears as a dilemma. "Dear me! What have I done with that ticket? I'm sure I had it a minute ago!" You all know the position, and how awkward is the concentrated gaze of the righteous passengers who have found their tickets.

Now, how do we look after our tickets; and by that I mean, what are our several methods of taking care of them during a journey? I exclude railway-tickets, since we somehow make it a serious business to attend to them. Perhaps it is because a railway-ticket involves a clear, a recognisable, sum of money. Moreover, if you cannot account for your railway-ticket, you simply have to pay. That logic is more powerful than when you can refer the 'bus-inspector to the 'bus-conductor for proof that, while you may have thrown away your ticket, you certainly did have one.

It should be said that women are much more careful custodians than men of 'bus- and tram-tickets. A woman is naturally more attentive to small details than a man; it is part of her philosophy. She likes to be correct, to do just what should be done.

"As often as not her tickets go straight into the compartment in her purse from which she has just taken the coppers for the fare." That was the deliverance of another 'bus-conductor whom I tackled on this subject. He was a philosopher and a wit combined, this man, as you will judge by the further remark which he addressed to me—

"Then, I suppose, when a lady gets home after an enjoyable day's shopping," he laughed, "she will count out all her tram- and 'bus-tickets, and observe to her husband, 'What a dreadful lot of money it costs going about London!'"

His general verdict was that women have three favourite ways in which they carry their tickets, namely, in the purse, inside the glove, or simply held in the hand. As for men, they mostly slipped their tickets into a vest-pocket, or the pocket which a tailor designs for tickets and things, and their change into the right-hand trousers-pocket. But there were ever so many men who promptly threw their tickets away, or, in an absent-minded moment, buried them among a pocketful of old letters. To unearth a ticket, on demand, from such surroundings was almost hopeless; the ticket might as well have been thrown on to the street at once.

A ticket-inspector does not mind having to wait until a lady fumbles her ticket out of her purse—not if she is young and pretty, anyhow. He will return the little square of paper with a gallant "Thank you, Madam," even if he has had to wait some minutes before getting it. A man passenger is a different being; but, really, the ticket-inspector, taking him as a whole, is an amazingly courteous and softly spoken person. Only nineteenth-century civilisation could have given us such a product.

The story of a ticket-inspector whom I interviewed moved me to great sympathy. He was a Cockney, and he had the apt Cockney way of putting things.

"'Ow can I check a ticket," he asked, "if I gets it shown to me in a 'undred fragments an' more? You understand, there's a gent always travels on my road, and w'enever he 'as 'is ticket from the conductor 'e begins to tear it up into small lengths. Then 'e tears the lengths across, all beautiful an' heven, and w'en I comes on the 'bus he just 'olds out a 'andful of chips to me an' smiles, he does."

"Well," I asked, "and what do you do with him? Do you spend half an hour putting the fragments together?"

"Not I. At first the gent worried me, 'specially as the conductors had their tongues in their cheeks over the business; but now I just says, 'Got them fragments, sir?' I smiles, and he smiles back; and perhaps some Christmas he'll be sending me a turkey or a bottle of wine. To know 'uman nature—that's the secret of makin' your livin' on a 'bus."

Another passenger I heard about who stowed his ticket safely away by dropping it inside the folds of his umbrella. When "Tickets, please," was heard on the 'bus, he pointed downward to the farthest recesses of his umbrella, and, being a stout man, left the ticket-inspector to do the rest.

Sometimes, as I also learned, ladies are in the habit of confiding their tickets to the interiors of their umbrellas, but at least they will gather them out when the inspector comes along. One young lady, who lived in South Kensington, nearly drowned her future husband in a shower of 'bus-tickets when she opened her umbrella after a spell of dry weather. That, however was an episode, and perhaps it is even wanting in chivalry to record it.

Most articles have a moral, and the moral of this one is that you can tell a good deal about the individual by the manner in which he or she looks after those necessary 'bus- and tram-tickets.

A NAVAL RECORD.

On the "glorious First of June" 1894 was celebrated the centenary of Lord Howe's glorious victory over the French, pictures of which action, showing H.M.S. *Brunswick* (the captain of which was the "brave and gallant Captain John Harvey, R.N.") taking in tow the disabled French

men-of-war *L'Achille* and *Le Vengeur*, have been painted and copied and exhibited in our national and private picture galleries, and many of the originals shown at the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea a few years ago. A somewhat remarkable descendant of Captain John Harvey has recently been laid to rest in the churchyard of the old Norman Parish Church of St. Mary's, Upper Walmer—Mrs. Royse, widow of the late Commander William Foorde Royse, R.N., who was for twenty-nine years Commander of the Coastguard at Deal and Walmer. She attained the ripe age of eighty-seven completed years, having been born at Sandwich in 1809, of which place she was a "Free Baroness" (a distinction granted to certain ladies born in Sandwich, but done away with in 1869). Her great-grandfather, Commodore William Boys, was



MRS. ROYSE.
Photo by Sawyer, Walmer.

Governor of Greenwich Hospital in 1740. Admiral Sir Henry Harvey, K.B. (son-in-law of the Commodore, and Captain of H.M.S. *Ramillies*), and the "brave and gallant Captain John Harvey" before alluded to, were her grandfathers, the latter being granted a monument in Westminster Abbey for his gallant conduct in the action of the "First of June," in which he was mortally wounded. Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey, K.C.B. (who was paid the high compliment of being allowed to hold at one and the same time the offices of Captain in the Royal Navy and Colonel of the Royal Marines), was her father, and died while in command of the North American station. Admirals Sir Edward Harvey, K.C.B., and Sir John Harvey, K.C.B., were her uncles, also Henry, acting-lieutenant of the *Rose*, drowned on the Newfoundland station, and Richard, lieutenant of the *Ardent* when she was blown up and all the crew perished in 1794. Admirals Thomas and Henry Harvey were her brothers. She was proud of having three sons serving at the same time in the Royal Navy—Admiral T. Harvey Royse, Lieutenant William Harvey Royse (who died in China), and Commander E. Clare Royse. She leaves also one daughter, Miss F. Harvey Royse.

Admiral T. Harvey Royse's only son, the Rev. William Harvey Royse (her grandson), is chaplain of H.M.S. *Northampton*, and has founded a very popular guild on board for the young seamen in his charge. Captains Frederick K., John, and Lieutenant Henry Wise Harvey (an extremely clever seascape painter), and Lieutenant Edward Harvey were her cousins. Another first cousin on the Harvey side was Captain John Boteler, R.N., who also had two sons Commanders in the Navy.

Among her nephews are Captain George Harvey Rainier, R.N., Captain John Harvey Rainier, R.N., and the Rev. William Harvey Rainier, Chaplain R.N. (sons of her youngest sister); another was Lieutenant William Harvey, R.N. (who died on the North American station), and another, still living, Mr. Henry Nowell Harvey, late R.N. (both sons of her youngest brother). Her eldest sister married Admiral W. P. Johnson, who was on board the old *Victory* (as a first-class volunteer and Lord Nelson's guest) at the Battle of Trafalgar, having been the bearer of a letter from Lady Hamilton to Lord Nelson. When Mr. Johnson (as he was then) presented it to the Admiral, Nelson raised his hat and reverently kissed the envelope.

By reason of Mrs. Royse's long-continued connection with the Royal Navy, and also by her express wish, eight stalwart Coastguardsmen were the pall-bearers at her funeral, each wearing several medals. The flags at the Coastguard stations and of the boats on the beach were all at half-mast. She knew personally every Lord Warden of Walmer Castle since the time of Lord Liverpool, with the exception of the late Mr. W. H. Smith, who was there so seldom, and then too ill for visiting. Her first dinner-party was there, in Lord Liverpool's time, when she and her sister "came out," and she used to describe their nervousness, especially at having to play, as a duet, the overture to "Tancredi," which, she would say, "they got through all right."

Many were her personal reminiscences of the Iron Duke. One was on the occasion of a private subscription-ball given at Walmer in his honour, when he begged Mrs. Royse that no "Conquering Hero" music might announce his arrival, which was then customary; this wish having been attended to and his Grace having entered almost unobserved, he laughingly remarked to her that "it was the first time his confounded nose had not found him out!"

From the deck of a sailing-vessel Mrs. Royse saw the first steamer which crossed the Channel; and she would tell how, when

walking under the cliffs from Walmer to St. Margaret's Bay, she was suddenly overtaken by a thick fog, and, looking up at something she saw overhead, found it was the bowsprit of a large man-of-war, the *Austerlitz*, right under the cliffs. This vessel was escorting the Emperor Napoleon to Dover on his way to visit the Queen just before the beginning of the Crimean War. Mrs. Royse hurried as rapidly as she was able through the increasing fog to St. Margaret's Bay, and was the first to inform the Coastguard of the undesirable and unusual situation of the ship.

Just two years ago, Mrs. Royse received a visit from Lord Dufferin, the then Lord Warden of the Castle, and regaled him with many interesting anecdotes of his predecessors, with which he was immensely amused. Mrs. Royse possessed a quaint chair on which Napoleon used to sit when on the deck of H.M.S. *Bellerophon* on his passage to St. Helena, and also had many other interesting naval relics and records.

"ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS."*

Nothing could be better than the first chapter in Mrs. Steel's story, in which coming doom is admirably foreshadowed. The scene is an open-air auction of the menagerie of the lately deposed King of Oude. An old lame elephant has just been knocked down for eighteenpence—not an exorbitant price for so large a piece of the "blind bulk of the immeasurable." The auctioneer, to lighten the situation, orders his assistant to "bring out them pollies," with the result that one is bought for one farthing by a hungry man, who wrings its neck at once with a view to obtaining a cheap meal—its real owner, a green-turbaned fanatic, who had taught it to cry, "Deen! Deen! Futteh Mahommed!" "For the Faith! For the Faith! Victory to Mahommed!" having run it up to that price. This cry of fierce faith portended what was coming. The Moulvie whose bird had thus been torn from him did much to draw down doom on the alien race. We will not reveal more of Mrs. Steel's story, though story it can scarcely be called. It is, more properly, a vivid though rather confused picture of that terrible period of bravery, heroism, incompetence, and almost unparalleled misery and misfortune, the recital of which stirred this country to its depths nearly forty years ago. Mrs. Steel wisely confines herself to writing of what happened at Meerut and Delhi, and inasmuch as the inhabitants of these places were unaware of what was going on at Cawnpore and elsewhere, so are the tragedies of those places all but ignored in her pages. The Siege of Delhi occupies the greater part of the book with descriptions of life inside the town, of the sham Court of the old Poet-King of Oude and his lawless but crafty Queen, of the ways of the inhabitants, virtuous and unvirtuous, for Mrs. Steel's pen is a daring one. Some of her descriptions are excellent, and her knowledge and insight are great. Life outside of Delhi, too, is well depicted, and we seem to see "the Ridge," on whose rocky heights our troops lay so long encamped, and where so many of them are lying still; for the soldiers made a burying-place in the rear of their position, which was rapidly filled. This Ridge was only a few hundreds of feet from the besieged town, and from those two points night after night for three months the lights "of camp and Court twinkled at each other till dawn." This siege "drags its slow length along" in Mrs. Steel's pages with somewhat of the dullness and slowness that were observable in the newspaper announcements of the period, when morning after morning the declaration had to be made that the unhappy position of Delhi was unchanged, until at last, to quote Oliver Wendell Holmes, it could be said, "Delhi, Dele!"

Before this came to pass, however, the *Times* was only able to obtain the news that was current outside the town. Mrs. Steel tells us what was going on inside it. Seldom have we met with a more striking situation than that of the forlorn Englishwoman who was shut up within its walls for a quarter of a year with Tara, a native woman, who hated her, an Englishman who loved her, but dared not show his love, and the certainty of death if she were discovered or betrayed. Add to this that Tara loved the Englishman and was furiously jealous. The situation was certainly strained.

So far as national vanity is concerned, this book is anything but pleasant reading. Want of sympathy with the natives, delay in putting them down when it became necessary to do so—one of Mrs. Steel's characters goes so far as to describe our attitude as one of "blue funk"—seem to have been much more deadly enemies to British rule than the race hatred of the natives.



MRS. STEEL.

* "On the Face of the Waters." By Flora Annie Steel. London: W. Heinemann.

THE FERRAR FAMILY.

The stage, as a profession, not infrequently runs in families. In some cases the actor's calling has been handed down from one generation to another, witness the distinguished line of such houses as the Kembles and the Farrens; in others it is suddenly adopted by one member of a

family new to theatrical life, and the example of the fresh recruit is followed by "his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts," as Mr. Gilbert sings. Of the "sisters" who have thus seen their calling, the Ferrar family, with whom I am now concerned, are a striking example. For the "cousins," I may cite Miss Lily and Miss Hilda Hanbury, who followed their cousin, Miss Julia Neilson, on to the boards; and for aunts, well, I am at a loss for a moment, but I can bethink me of at least one mother, for did not Mrs. A. R. McIntosh, once a well-known Anglo-Indian amateur, play at the matinée of Mr. A. W. Gattie's "The Honourable Member," in support of her daughter, Miss Madge McIntosh, last

Constance Neville, and Lady Sneerwell, to the Viola, Portia, Kate Harcastle, and Lady Teazle of Mrs. Benson. She also made occasional appearances in sundry leading rôles of the repertoire, and for part of one tour played entire lead. In Mr. Benson's charming revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Globe Theatre, Miss Ferrar made a very graceful Hermia, and as the Queen in "Hamlet" she gave a strikingly picturesque performance. Her last appearance in a Shaksperian rôle in town was as Orlando in the revival of "As You Like It" by ladies only. And a very gallant youth she made as Rosalind's lover. She has also been seen in town in Mr. Buchanan's "Bride of Love," as Geraldine in the last Adelphi revival of "The Green Bushes," and also in "The English Rose," in which she appeared as the heroine during the absence of Miss Olga Brandon.

Miss Ferrar subsequently toured as Mr. Ben Greet's leading lady, playing such parts as Viola, Peg Woffington, Dora in "Diplomacy," and Rosamund in "Sowing the Wind." More recently she has toured with Mr. Otho Stuart, with whom she formerly played in many of Mr. Benson's productions. Under Mr. Stuart's management Miss Ferrar has won excellent opinions as Fedora, Dulcie in "The Masqueraders," and Mrs. Horton in "Dr. Bill." During the last few months she has scored a great success as the ambitious Bazilide in Mr. Stuart's tour with "For the Crown," and she has only relinquished



MISS BEATRICE FERRAR AS FANNY BUNTER IN
"NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES."

Photo by Scott, Carlisle.

summer? Miss Ada Ferrar, Miss Beatrice Ferrar, and Miss Jessie Ferrar are three sisters who are not to be confounded with Miss Fortescue's sister, Miss Helen Ferrers, or with Miss Louie Freear, of top-note fame. The similarity of these names has caused so much confusion in the past that Miss Jessie Ferrar has decided to strike out a line of her own, and appeared the other day as Tow-Tow, the part created by her sister Beatrice, in Miss Annie Hughes' revival of "Sweet Nancy," noticed on the opposite page.

Miss Ada Ferrar, the eldest of the trio, became the pioneer of her family in matters theatrical, in the face of a good deal of domestic opposition, and her success, in due course, inspired her younger sisters to follow her lead. Miss Ferrar is a young actress of whom much may be expected, and who, by native talent and much hard work, has already

won a prominent place in the esteem of provincial playgoers. She is one of the many players of distinction who have served the best novitiate that the latter-day stage affords in the varied work of Mr. F. R. Benson's large repertoire. After spending her earlier years in wondering whether she had any special vocation in life, Miss Ferrar suddenly made up her mind to be an actress. Her first engagement was a singing one in the chorus in "Claudian," and it is interesting to note that last summer she re-appeared under Mr. Wilson Barrett's banner at the Lyric on a very different footing, having been specially engaged to play the short but arduous rôle of



MISS ADA FERRAR AS FEDORA.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

the part on the eve of sailing for Australia to fulfil a year's "starring" engagement with Messrs. Musgrove and Williamson, as Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross."

Miss Beatrice Ferrar has won quite a position of her own on the London stage by her clever embodiment of various types of precocious girlhood. While quite young she gained experience under Mr. Benson's banner as a fairy, as one or other of the little Princes in "Richard III.," and in other youthful parts. She subsequently appeared in "The Bride of Love," and as Tow-Tow in "Sweet Nancy," taking the part of Nancy herself for the last three weeks of the run. She joined Mr. John Hare to play Beatrix Brent in "Lady Bountiful," and made quite a hit as the precocious school-girl in "A Fool's Paradise." She played at the Comedy in "The Sportsman" and "The Great Unpaid," and has since appeared in what, for an actress barely out of her teens, is an amazing number of parts, on tour with Mr. Hare, Miss Fortescue, and Mr. Edward Terry, with whom she is now appearing in "Love in Idleness." Her perfectly spontaneous rendering of the emotional child in "The Squire of Dames" must be fresh in the memory of all who saw it, and as Georgiana Ridout in "A Matchmaker," at the Shaftesbury, she undoubtedly made the "hit" of the piece with her delightful sketch of the *enfant terrible* who was always turning up at inopportune moments and upsetting everybody's arrangements.

Miss Jessie Ferrar, henceforth to be known as Miss Marion Bishop, is the youngest of the family, and has but lately left the school-room. But she has already obtained valuable practice on tour with Mr. Ben Greet, and with her sister in Mr. Otho Stuart's Company.



MISS BEATRICE FERRAR AS THE DUKE OF YORK IN
"RICHARD III."

Photo by Passingham, Brighton.

Ancaria in "The Sign of the Cross," during an interval between two provincial tours. After some experience on tour with the Vaughan-Conway company, Miss Ferrar joined Mr. F. R. Benson, with whom she subsequently played Katharine in his first revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," and many other parts, such as Olivia, Nerissa,

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It may be an absurd twist of sentiment, but I found that the performance of "Little Eyolf" in the evening was less painful to me than that of Mr. Hurst's piece in the afternoon. This is not said scoffingly, for in some respects "Woman's World" is a decidedly clever work, and in no aspect is it to be despised. The fact is that the two acts in which one sees a woman fooled by a blackguard, who is making love to her in pursuance of a dirty financial scheme, and draws her into fullest professions of love, can only prove tolerable if some extraordinary skill be shown in developing character. Now there was no real skill in drawing the people. The actor-lover was a mere lay figure, and the heroine seemed quite inconsistent. I do not pretend that I have ever seen a strong-minded lady-journalist in love, and, therefore, speak with hesitation as to the way in which she would behave. I can, however, hardly believe that she would adopt the manner and language of a love-sick school-girl with a memory of phrases from the novels commonly read in school-time surreptitiously. In the scenes where Constance was not blatantly in love, the character was not unskillfully drawn, and Miss Esmé Beringer, who acted with very great ability, rendered her charming. It was curious to see how her effectiveness appeared to vary with the truthfulness of the part and the skill of the author. During the "asides" which thronged the play, the young actress was cruelly embarrassed, despite her technical ability; while, when there was any touch of humanity, she played with admirable firmness and character.

Miss Alice Beet did a very clever piece of work as a woman financier of amazing shrewdness, who easily triumphed over a company promoter apparently drawn with the view of showing how very little smartness is needed in the City. In fact, I feel quite tempted to try my brains if Mr. Kelland Smith was clever enough to prosper at the game. Miss Jessie Bateman, as one of the wickedest little minxes ever put on the stage, played very brightly.

I suspect that there will be a pretty battle concerning the performance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Little Eyolf." An enthusiastic Ibsenite told me, almost indignantly, that the new actress was ruining the piece. The chief reason for suggesting this, apparently, is that she does not present Rita Allmers exactly in the style adopted by Miss Janet Achurch. Now, whether Miss Achurch is to be deemed an authoritative exponent of the part or not, I cannot say, and I am not sure that it is of importance. We all take different views as to the exact meaning of the piece, and the brilliant actress is well entitled to adopt a rendering which, without violating the words of the dramatist, has some beauty and poetry. No doubt there was more in her of the beautiful, sensual southern woman than of the amorous Norwegian, and her outbursts of passion rather suggested the simple creature from the land of sunshine than the mixture of brains and lust imaged by Miss Achurch. To me the most important fact was that, while the one actress was brilliant and thrilling by fits and starts, the other, despite the enormous difficulty of playing such a heavy part at short notice, gave a powerful, even performance of great beauty. Her shrieks were less appalling than those of her predecessor; her voice was kept within narrow bounds and in tune—she did not underline the important passages. Indeed, the accusation of under-acting was almost just—almost, but not quite. Perhaps it is dangerous to push reticence so far, but a person of exquisite strangeness may safely venture into perilous places. At any rate, one could forget that she was compelled to glance frequently at the book she was carrying without effort at concealment. Mrs. Campbell has done more showy work, but I think that in nothing has she shown such startling evidence of her genius as in Rita. "The crutch is floating, the crutch is floating"; the ghastly music of the words is a kind of Old Man of the Sea.

It may be that Miss Achurch made greater efforts exactly to suggest all the meaning of the part of Rita, and the consequence was that she caused one to be doubtful of its consistency—now the employment of a discreet toning down of difficult passages and the quiet distribution of great power gave a feeling of unity and character indisputably of great

value. Whether, as has been suggested, I am a full-following Ibsenite or not, I cannot pretend to say. Certainly I attach no great weight to giving the individual signification of every sentence and phrase in Mr. Archer's admirable translation, and prefer what seems to me the quiet, truly artistic acting to the showy, uneven work of the lady very fairly identified with the progress in the movement. Since experiments are in the wind, I should much like to see how Miss Elizabeth Robins, who must be growing tired of acting perfectly in the minor part of Asta, would represent the formidable Mrs. Allmers.

The authors of "An Old Song" seem to be rather proud of their historical inaccuracies. To me there is something irritating in using historical names without a decent regard for facts. Consequently, they and I can hardly expect to be harmonious in opinion about the new curtain-raiser. Rouget de l'Isle certainly was not a sort of Chatterton, and nothing but a brilliance which could not be found in the play would serve as a reason for dealing recklessly with well-known facts. The little piece smells strongly of the footlights. Mr. Martin Harvey as de l'Isle showed aspiration, which was scarce equalled, however, by accomplished Miss de Silva, who was depressing as the sordid lodging-house keeper's daughter, and Miss May Whitty was nearer the mark than many of her colleagues as the great opera-singer.

I have often wondered why "Sweet Nancy" did not take greater hold of the public. To me, it has always seemed to be about the best piece of adaptation done by Mr. R. Buchanan. He has been wise enough to modify the piece and act on some of the suggestions of the critics. Now, if Miss Annie Hughes could be secured to present her amazingly clever performance, and the rest of the cast proved to be as good as yesterday afternoon, a revival might well be successful. Particularly clever was the work of Mr. Edmund Maurice and of Mr. Hallard. It is quite needless to speak of the quality of Miss Lena Ashwell's acting.

As usual, most of one's favourite music-hall "stars" and pillars of frivolous pieces, and even some more serious actresses, are engaged for pantomime this Christmas. The following rough jottings will show, at any rate, how the wind blows pantomimewards. At the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, where the Christmas annual is already in full swing, popular Miss Vesta Tilley is "principal boy," and Miss Alexina Glenroy "principal girl," the latter's namesake, Miss Ida Glenroy, returning to Greenwich to fill the like position. Clever Miss Marie Dainton is the Maid Marian at the Brighton Royal, and her mother, Miss Jenny Dawson, is the "principal boy," Hop-o'-My-Thumb, at the Britannia, Hoxton. Miss Minnie Thurgate and Miss Hettie Chattell are included in the company at the Islington Grand;

the Sisters Levey go to the Grand, Leeds; and Misses Alice Lloyd, Daisy Wood, and Marie Tyler are engaged at the New Pavilion. Delightful Miss Mabel Love is Cinderella at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, where also Mlle. Alexandra Dagmar is "principal boy"; Miss Annie Halford, the Serpolette of recent days, is Dick at the Grand, Birmingham, whereat the famous "Blue Ballet" from the Olympic will be reproduced; and Miss Louie Freear also, I think, betakes herself to the Midlands. Misses Millie Hylton, Rose Dearing, and Billie Barlow are "principal boys" at the Borough (Stratford), Métropole, and Brixton Theatres respectively. Miss Constance Moxon (Mrs. Tom Craven) goes to one of the Manchester houses, and Misses Minnie Jeffs, Katie Fredericks, Emmeline Orford, Constance Bellamy, Lyddie Edmonds, Nellie Hardinge, and dozens more talented and popular ladies, are "Christmassing" at other places.

Mr. Norman Forbes, who is cast for the First Murderer in Sir Henry Irving's revival of "Richard III.," was, if my memory lead me not astray, the Catesby to Mr. Richard Mansfield's Gloucester at the Globe in 1889.

Not content with "The Prisoner of Zenda," Mr. C. J. Abud has secured provincial rights over "Under the Red Robe," and in the spring he will send on tour a replica of the Rose-Weyman-Harrison-Maude production. His enterprise deserves success.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY AND MISS DE SILVA IN "AN OLD SONG."

Photo by T. Holloway, Cheltenham.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The first indication of the progress of the season is the publication of the team to represent Wales against England at Rugby football. The match is fixed for Jan. 9, in Wales, and it will thus be seen that our good friends in the Principality are determined not to let the grass grow beneath their feet. As a matter of fact, I believe the idea

is that the players may take the opportunity of assimilating their styles.

Mention of this assimilation reminds me very forcibly of the fact that on this occasion the Welsh executive have chosen for half-backs two men representing different clubs. What a change must have occurred since last year! Then all Wales laughed consumedly at England for adopting this expedient in the cases of Cattell and Taylor. Perhaps the fact of Wales being defeated by the large order of two goals and five tries to nil instilled a feeling of doubt in the breasts of the Welsh people as to the infallibility of their half-back system.

The fact of the matter is that Wales were beaten, not because England played two "stranger" half-backs, but rather in despite of that circumstance. Theoretically, club-mates at half-back is the



MR. S. P. BELL.

Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.

correct thing, and, in the majority of cases, the method will be found to be the paying one, but, of course, there are always exceptions.

Mr. S. P. Bell, the captain of the Cambridge Rugby fifteen, did some very useful work for the losers at the Queen's Club on the occasion of the Inter-Varsity match. He is quite a young man, and will only attain his majority on Saturday next. His birthplace was Newcastle, and he was educated at Uppingham School. He made his appearance there just in time to see the last of the old Uppingham game, which was then on the decline. The school took up the Rugby code in his second season, and Mr. Bell soon found his way into the first fifteen, of which he was captain for two years. In cricket he has also had a great deal of experience, playing in his school eleven for three years, and representing them in the Ashburton Shield competition four times. Among the honours obtained by Mr. Bell might be mentioned a scholarship at Trinity Hall, Cambridge (although Mr. Bell went to King's instead); and he is at present studying law. He stands 5 ft. 8 in., and weighs 11 st. 10 lb. He is a grand half-back.

The 'Varsity match played last week taught us an excellent lesson, which should have been taken to heart years ago—this being that test form, so far as University teams are concerned, is absolutely unreliable.

Those who saw the match—which, by the way, was one of the finest ever played by the Blues—might feel inclined to sympathise with Cambridge on the score of ill-luck; but I would point out that paper form suggested a tremendous victory for the Cantabs.

As a matter of fact, Oxford were not lucky in winning, for they would have been decidedly unlucky had they lost. No doubt, the winning of the toss proved a great advantage; but, then, one side has to win the toss, and the misfortune cannot be held to be sufficient excuse for the remarkable nervousness which characterised the Light Blues in the first half. When they did make a grand effort in the second half, it was too late; and, just at the finish, Oxford were almost in again, but they had to rest content with a nine points to eight success.

I am half inclined to build an objection, as the result of this match, against the system at present in vogue of reckoning points. Oxford scored a goal and a dropped goal, whereas Cambridge put on a goal and a try. Now, this dropped goal was quite a simple affair, with a large element of luck about it, whereas anybody who understands Rugby knows the amount of work necessary before a try can be got.

I am afraid that the Association match between the 'Varsities will be as dull as the Rugby match was bright. I cannot recall a year in which the 'Varsity soccer elevens have been so moderate. Cambridge are unquestionably the better, inasmuch as the team contains one or two extremely useful men, such as Burnup, Alexander, and Taylor. Oxford have a slightly better defence, but no attack.

CRICKET.

The proposed revival of the County Cricket Council has been negatived, as might have been expected after the curt objection submitted by the Notts County Committee. The meeting at the Oval was a private one, but I am able to say that there was scarcely a good word said for the suggested resuscitation, the counties arguing that they are quite capable individually to conduct their own affairs.

Now, this is all very right and proper. I should be very sorry to see cricket suffering from the legislation—or alleged legislation—which is steadily ruining football. So long as the counties' secretaries consent to meet and amend faulty laws, there will be nothing to cavil at; but what I want to know is, who is going to select the England teams? It was the palpable abuse last year in this direction which prompted the motion for reviving the County Cricket Council. The three England and Australia matches were played at Lord's, Manchester, and the Oval respectively. Each of these executives chose its own team—a fine state of affairs, truly.

Could anything, for instance, have been more ludicrously irritating than the palpable disqualification of Ranjitsinhji by the M.C.C., and the legalisation of that famous gentleman by Surrey and Lancashire? Either the Indian was or was not qualified. Evidently someone was wrong. It is incumbent upon us to avoid these silly incongruities in future, and unless we have a Council, or its equivalent, I anticipate a continuance of the trouble. For cricket, sweet and clean game though it be, requires rules, and, more than that, these rules need to be respected.—OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The question of handicapping is going to give the Jockey Club a lot of trouble, and, in my opinion, it could only be settled to the complete satisfaction of backers and layers alike by their ordering that every animal be handicapped up to his best form at every distance. Further, the horses-for-courses theory should have a claim on the handicappers, as it does on owners and backers now. It cannot be denied that when an animal is "flung in," and is to perform over his favourite course, the temptation is strong on everybody to go for the good thing, and, in my opinion, this, in a measure, accounts for the money being so often landed over eleventh-hour favourites.

I am glad to notice so many promising recruits to the ranks of our amateur riders. The Hon. Reginald Ward, who may now be termed an old hand, shapes well in the saddle. He has a keen eye, and displays capital judgment in riding his races. Lord Cowley has very much improved in his riding of late, and he will do better still with more practice. Lord Denman looks every inch a horseman; but he has yet to pick up the wrinkles of race-riding. Mr. A. Lawson, of the Scots Guards, has shown marked improvement in the saddle, and he can now hold his own against any professional. Lord Shrewsbury seldom rides in National Hunt flat-races, but he wins when the horse is good enough.

Many of the bookmakers take a rest during the winter months, and these are not bad judges, as it is a remarkable fact that favourites get home oftener in jumping-races than they do on the flat. Of course, winners are easily found in the early days of sport under National Hunt Rules, because so few horses are fit, and backers, as a rule, fasten on to the well-trained animals, discarding entirely for the moment last season's book form. Again, at the illegitimate game it is good business to follow the money, as it generally comes from inspired sources. The bookies who have traded in jumping have done very badly up to now.

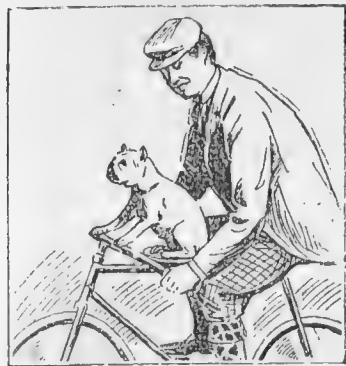
The offer of £5000 for Bonavista that was refused the other day brings to my mind the ill-luck Lord Rosebery experienced in selling that good mare. The Squire of Mentmore had had for some years but little return for the money he spent on breeding, but at last he thought he had turned the corner of the long lane when in one season he bred Accumulator and Bonavista. They were both to go up to Newmarket for sale, and, acting on advice frankly sought and kindly given, a prohibitive reserve was placed upon Accumulator, who showed most promise. As a result, Bonavista was sold and Accumulator kept. The first-named won the Thousand Guineas and other races, and the other never caught the judge's eye. Such is the luck that attends the breeding of thoroughbred stock. Recompense for that unfortunate deal has since been forthcoming in two Derbys.

Some jockeys receive handsome presents for riding winners. I know one owner who, some years back, always gave his jockey two hundred pounds for riding a winner of a handicap, and three hundred pounds for steering the winner of a selling-race. Why the distinction was made I could never make out. However, some of the leading jockeys get nothing beyond their fees for riding winners, and I am told that all M. Cannon received for steering Throstle to victory in the St. Leger was the five guineas he was entitled to under the rules. I do not agree at all with the giving of presents to jockeys, and I think the system should be eradicated by rule.

Music hath charms at race-meetings as elsewhere, and I am surprised that some clerks of courses discard the band during the winter months. Mr. R. R. Fowler, the able Clerk of the Course at Lingfield, tells me a band has played at that place at every meeting held, both flat and steeplechase, for three years past. I do think we ought to get music at Sandown, Kempton, and Hurst Park during the dull season. Why, even at Gatwick the Club enclosure is enlivened with the strains of a good band at the winter meetings. As a matter of course, Mr. S. H. Hyde will treat us to the Grenadier Guards at Kempton on Boxing Day.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Much has been said lately about the hard life led by the cyclist's dog, who, try as he may, finds too often that his brisk little feet cannot keep up with his master's iron steed. Now, however, some wheeling dog-lover



A BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO.

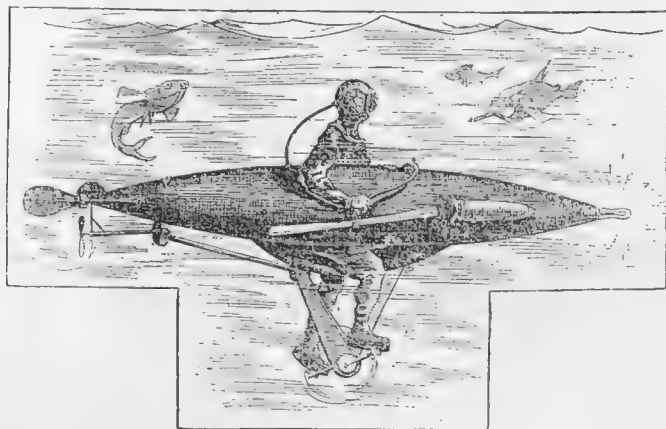
has discovered that nothing is easier than to give your canine friend a spin, and a New York belle now rides a bicycle made for two; that is, herself and "toy." The happy pug, chow, or terrier reposes securely in a kind of little cradle fastened in front of the machine, or, when the *tou-tou* is quite exceptionally vain and intelligent, he is allowed to sit up sphinx-like on a tiny platform fixed on to the upper bar. Only very steady cyclists can venture on the latter plan, which is simply fit for park riding, the slightest jar, of course, dislodging the tiny doggie from his none too secure seat.

The makers of the Columbia Cycle will be strongly represented next season, when it is expected that the boom in that particular machine will be even greater than the phenomenal success it met with last year. We have it on good authority that no less than three thousand Columbias have been ordered for the West-End Depot, 21, Baker Street, W. This is not only gratifying, but also encouraging, as showing to what extent in this country freedom of competition can go. We also understand that the publicity department in connection with the development of this machine will be conducted, as heretofore, at the above address.

Cycling has been held up by most medical men as a healthful exercise; but they have always qualified this expression of opinion by adding "in moderation." We have all become acquainted with the bicycle-hand, the bicycle-foot, and, perhaps worst and ugliest of all, the bicycle-hump; in fact, there are few parts of our body that are not affected by over-bicycle-riding. These ailments, however, are more or less of a temporary nature, and can be cured with care. A much more important question is now under consideration, and that is whether or not our vital organs are so injured as to shorten life. Cycling as a cause of heart-disease is a problem that should be clearly defined; it affects the health, one way or the other, of about two millions of inhabitants of the United Kingdom alone. I have lately read an essay on this subject by Dr. George Herschell, who, being a cyclist himself, and having had many cases under his notice, expresses the opinion that, although cycling in moderation and for short distances may be beneficial, yet, if carried out in such a manner as to keep up a material acceleration of the heart's action or increased blood-pressure for any length of time, it must of necessity, sooner or later, produce disease of the circulatory organs. This is the opinion of the Senior Physician of the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart, and should carry due weight.

Niagara Falls have been responsible for many foolhardy feats, but perhaps the latest is the proposal of a certain individual to ride a bicycle over a wire charged with a current of electricity, which will pass through the wires of the machine to lamps spread all over him to illumine his path. The only protection from instant death in case of contact with the electric current will be an indiarubber covering to the seat, handle-bars, and pedals.

The latest development of the cycle is very weird and warlike. Not content with supplying Tommy Atkins with the wheel, an American has applied it to Jack Tar and invented a marvellous (perhaps, too marvellous) submarine wonder. Built of aluminium, it is propelled in the same way



SUBMARINE CRAFT TO DESTROY WARSHIPS.

as is a bicycle. One man forms the whole crew of this strange little craft, which is cigar-shaped, eighteen feet in length, and twenty-three inches in diameter at its widest point, where the man at the wheel will sit clothed in a kind of diver's uniform. The inventor, a certain Alvary Temple, has spent years in perfecting the details of his submarine vessel,

and some of the discoveries he claims to have made certainly vie with those patented by Jules Verne's most ingenious heroes. He believes that he has found the long-looked-for secret of toughening glass to steel strength, of chemically generating and purifying air; and he believes he has created a new form of torpedo, which, fitted with powerful magnets, will adhere to the steel rim of the modern battleship, and so act—that is, explode—where it is likely to produce the most effect. Mr. Temple is about to offer his invention to the Cuban insurgents, for use against Spanish cruisers.

Hereford House, the headquarters of the Wheel Club, situate in South Kensington, is going to have its cycle show. Whether the exhibits have to be the property of members or whether the trade can compete, I know not; but one thing is certain—namely, it will be an excuse for passing a very pleasant afternoon.

The Yankees are again ahead of us. Outside Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, bicycle-racks have been erected for the churchgoers. This will have the double effect of increasing the number of the congregation and the contents of the money-box. But, really, without joking, the idea is an excellent one, and bears out my remarks last week as to the urgent necessity of some steps being taken in London, either by private enterprise or public action, to supply the much-felt want.

I see in an American journal that cycling is rapidly putting an end to the demand for horses and vehicles, and is seriously affecting the incomes of the street-tramways. It is computed that there are more than three million bicycles in use in the United States, which means that one person out of every twenty-four of the population goes wheeling. In France the proportion is only one in two hundred and fifty. It is stated that, during the first two weeks of July, the railway companies of New York carried no less than 75,000 bicycles for outgoing passengers, also that on the Western plains there are now loose herds of horses wandering about, aggregating some 125,000 in number.

I was much struck at the late Stanley Show by a new patent cycle-saddle. I have not had the pleasure of riding one myself, but hope to soon. The great drawback to all the so-called pneumatic saddles is that one cannot sit firmly on them. The present invention of M. Simmonite does not interfere with the ordinary leather saddle, but places the pneumatic part under the saddle in the shape of three ordinary indiarubber balls. The accompanying sketch will give readers the idea of the patent. It is simplicity itself, and can be fixed to any cycle. It effectually removes the slightest jar.



The last innovation we are threatened with is the single wheel, in which the rider sits in the middle, where the hub should be, with the tyre encircling him. A far greater speed is claimed for this invention, by from thirty to sixty miles an hour.

The chainless cycle is a subject which is exercising the expert not a little. Several types of it are about to be "floated." One of these has just been sold to a syndicate for £20,000. A crack professional rider tried it at Catford, the other day, and found it to run much more easily than he expected. Still, it is very doubtful whether the chained machine will ever be superseded.

The latest Dunlop advertisement is a good one. A policy of accident insurance for twelve months, value a hundred pounds in case of death, or ten shillings per week during total disablement, will be given free to every purchaser of a Dunlop cycle.

It is said that Lord Rosebery, who is a keen cyclist, considers that strength, muscles, and nerve are a necessity to uphold a great Empire, and, like all other sport, the "wheel" develops these. When I hear of a child of two years and nine months being able to ride alone after two days' practice, I feel that in these days they are beginning in good time to develop those muscles on which every Englishman prides himself. My little friend is called Anson Clark, and I believe him to be the youngest rider on wheels. Among the aged recruits for the wheel, I may mention no less a person than the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who has recently fallen a victim to the prevailing epidemic. The venerable prelate is in his seventy-eighth year. Surely Mr. Gladstone cannot long resist the attraction. But not only do we hear of dignitaries of the Established Church indulging in the pastime of cycling—it has its votaries even among the ranks of the Salvation Army, and from America we hear of squadrons of Hallelujah lasses wheeling to the fray. The cycling corps carries banners with appropriate mottoes, such, for example, as "We'll puncture the Devil's tyre," "We are scorching on to glory."

Here are a few more statistics with regard to improvements in the construction of cycles. In the first three months of this year there were duly registered at the Patent Office no fewer than 450 inventions for the improvement of tyres, 200 for the general construction of the cycle, and about 300 more for lamps, saddles, and other accessories.

I hear that the ever-charming and fascinating Mrs. Jopling has at last taken to the wheel. She is still somewhat of a novice, as for a long while her son had such an objection to cycling for the fair sex. She has been cycling in Scotland, where she went to paint some portraits, but confesses that, so far, she has not gone in for a smart costume, but wears her oldest skirt, as it is the most comfortable. I hear that the Lord Mayor and his family are devoted cyclists, but that the Lady Mayoress rides a tricycle; they all ride well, and have never had a lesson, but are self-taught.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A very curious and a very gruesome document has been unearthed from the archives of the Royal College of Surgeons, and published, with an introduction and commentaries, by Mr. James Blake Bailey, the librarian of the college. It is "The Diary of a Resurrectionist—1811-1812" (Swan Sonnenschein), the *bond-fide* daily jottings of a



HOUSE AT CRAIL, WHERE RELATIONS WATCHED THE GRAVES OF FRIENDS.
From "The Diary of a Resurrectionist."

member of one of the infamous gangs that desecrated churchyards from the time of the opening of private schools of anatomy till the passing of the Anatomy Act. It is brutally business-like, being mainly a dry record of sums paid and of the number of bodies stolen. There is no sentiment, not the shadow of remorse; but occasionally the writer took the trouble to say that he got drunk. It is too brutal and too sickening for even the most morbid craver after sensation to gloat over; but the document, or rather, Mr. Bailey's introduction, has a perfectly wholesome value, if it be not cheerful reading. In the first place, it is another testimony to the "law's delay," to the gross stupidity that, on the ground of sentiment, neglected appeal after appeal from responsible men of science, and yet permitted the loathsome traffic. And it knocks on the head the quite groundless but existent infernal romance that has clung about the miserable resurrectionists, and shows them to have been the most sordid, the most dastardly, of criminals. Everywhere in the neighbourhood of medical schools, ghoulish legends, with a flavour of lower-regions glory about them, survived and were offered to the ravenous appetite of youth, more than half a century after the passing of the Anatomy Act. Mr. Bailey's plain and horrible tale must extinguish the last glimmer of their lurid light.

A book for which I desire to speak a word of praise is Mr. J. Marshall Mather's "Sign of the Wooden Shoon" (Warne). Mr. Marshall Mather is a Lancashire idyllist, and, though he cannot be compared with Mrs. Gaskell, he must be allowed a high place. The fidelity of his sketches is remarkable. He has great reserve, and is never to be found wallowing in pathos, although the general effect of his book is sombre, lightened up though it be by many touches of quiet and effective humour. Mr. Mather is a master of the Lancashire dialect, and it may be doubted whether he should in future strive to be so phonetically faithful. Unlike many writers of this class, he gives a great impression of reserved power, and he is decidedly one of the new authors whom readers and editors will find it worth while to watch.

It may be noticed that this year publishers are much more reticent in their announcements of numbers sold. I believe that, while this

has been an excellent book season all over, and while comparatively few books have conspicuously failed, yet there has been in scarcely any instance so large a boom as marked the past two or three years. So far, I believe I am correct in saying that the demand for "Margaret Ogilvy" promises to exceed that of any other new book of this year. I am glad to hear that Mr. Hornung has achieved a commercial success with his excellent story "The Rogue's March," noticed elsewhere in this issue. The demand for Mrs. Steel's story of the Mutiny, also noticed elsewhere, has been very large, much larger than for any of her previous books.

I am afraid we are not to have a Life of Lowell, after all. He was, perhaps, not so great a man as his friend Mr. Leslie Stephen has been making him out, but he was unquestionably a very interesting figure, and the amount of manuscript material bearing on his career is very considerable. Professor Charles Elliot Norton would have been the man to write his biography, as he edited his letters, but he feels himself too old for the task. Mr. Henry James, whose monograph on Hawthorne is very praiseworthy, has been invited to go to America and do the work, but he also is reluctant to face the labour, and at present the prospect is that Lowell's admirers will have to be content with the volumes of his letters.

"Ian Maclaren" arrives in England on Wednesday, after an exceedingly successful lecturing tour in America. Lately, the calls upon him have been so numerous that he has been giving readings twice a-day. He has borne the strain very well, and has actually increased in weight during his American tour. His public appearances have greatly quickened the demand for his books, especially for the first, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." "Kate Carnegie," his last work, has had a considerable success, both in England and in America, over sixty thousand copies in all having been sold up to date.

Mr. Lawrence Binyon has done his part to redeem the minor poet from the charge of persistent melancholy. "The Praise of Life" is the cheery name of his new collection of verse in Mr. Elkin Mathews' "Shilling Garland." But he finds, as others have found before him, that the poetical vocabulary of gladness is more limited and less expressive than that of woe—

Pale are the words I build for my delight
To house in; pale as the chill mist that holds
An ardent morn. My fire to others' sight
But dimly burns through the frail speech it moulds;
I cast but shadows from my inward light.
But, O my Joy, thou understandest well
Both what I can and what I cannot tell.

Mr. Binyon is one of the most genuine and interesting of the younger poets. He is not facile, not popular, and he may never learn to be either. But he is of those about whom you never ask why he writes poetry. As a craftsman he is worth study. He makes interesting and often successful experiments in metre. In "Montenegro" the lilt of the rhythm is his own, and he has used something like it before with equal skill in his London poems—

Coiled in shadow, the serpent seas
Engirdle perilous hills sublime;
By tortuous, steep degrees
Toward the morn I climb.

O. O.

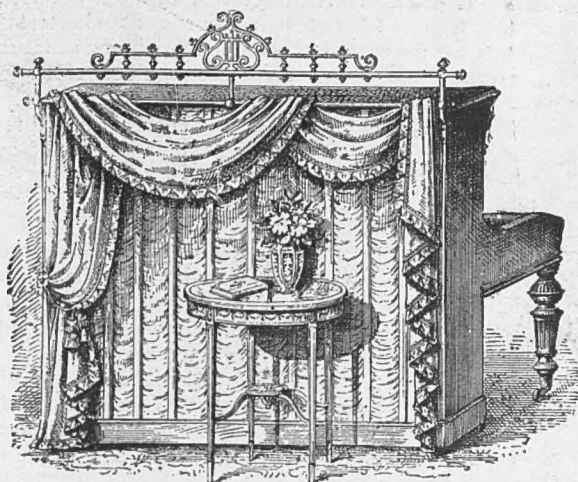


AN OLD-FASHIONED DISSECTING-ROOM.
From "The Diary of a Resurrectionist."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

ON CHRISTMAS PRESENTS INTENT.

It will be freely admitted by all lucky persons who look forward with well-placed confidence to the forthcoming Christmas-boxes of beneficent relatives that the greatest amount of gratification to be extracted from a gift lies in getting what you want. The fourteenth set of fish-knives, for example, or the twenty-fifth pair of salt-cellars, have a way of palling even on the omnivorous imagination of young housekeepers, to whom duplicated wedding-presents are sometimes more a maddening perplexity



THE NEW PIANO FITMENT AT ATKINSON'S.

than anything else. People send in cart-loads of plate or silver ware on such occasions just because it has grown into a sort of superstition that one never can have too much of this sort of thing, while, as a matter of fact, odd morsels of dainty furniture, which has, artistically speaking, made much greater strides than plate in our generation, seem generally unthought of. A Chippendale chair, a set of well-selected engravings, or the thousand less important items even which go so much towards making up the luxurious beauty of our rooms, would be unspeakably more useful and welcome to the ordinary young couple starting life on a moderate income than a fine collection of glittering silver, large enough to take all the time of two or three servants to maintain at its required lustre.

More than ever was I impressed with this truism when lately visiting Atkinson's well-equipped warehouse in Westminster Bridge Road, which I was surprised to reach in seven minutes from Piccadilly, even at the unexciting trot of a knock-kneed and altogether deplorable cab-horse. Like the enterprising trading world in general, Atkinson's have made attractive preparations for Christmas, and one is seriously exercised as to which fanciful novelty more than another should the reader's attention be directed.

For presents, there are handsome four-fold screens in pictorial tapestry and gilt leather mountings, cheap and charming for sixty-five shillings; others in Chippendale reproductions, to give the last touch of comfort and elegance in dining-room or library; finely finished tables, at a modest guinea, of the same period's style; dainty lamp- and flower-tables, the same indispensable article also repeated in Vernis Martin, Sheraton, buhl, onyx, and lacquer, most seductively inviting purchase.

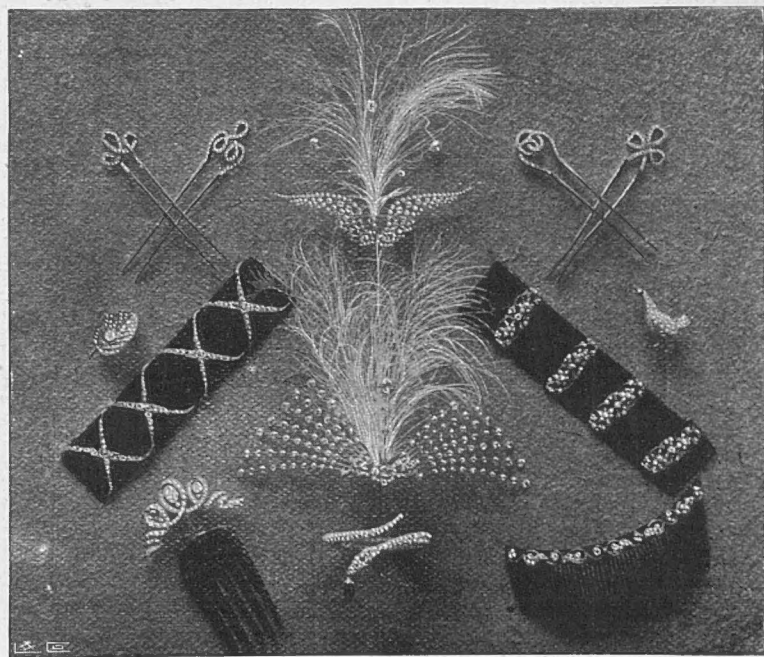
I think this illustrated piano-back will appeal to everybody in the possession of an upright. Easily affixed, this richly chased brass mounting applies itself to any sized instrument, and would make a capital and much-appreciated present. Its price is one guinea; with draperies of any coloured silk and fringe to match, 37s. 6d. An upholstered easy-chair, wide, low, luxurious, called the Sheraton, is covered in early English tapestry, and sold for three guineas—the gift of all others to make comfort-loving man. "A bachelor's bedroom," fitted admirably as a bed-sitting-room, the draped alcove cleverly contriving its double debt to pay, should be seen and imitated by every unattached man of taste not yet promoted to a house, its price most modest, its luxury undeniable. I found that useful piano-stools, with receptacles for music under the velvet-covered seats, are less in price at Atkinson's than at any other shop of its standing in town, a remark that, indeed, applies to many of their productions, on the quality of which there is no need to dilate, Atkinson's reputation for excellence being the basis of a successful and long-established career.

It had always seemed to me that the purchase of a bedstead was the most prosaic part of house-fitting until artistic surprises in brasswork at this house recalled more ornamental periods, when our couches were not the mere matter of rails and laths they are ordinarily nowadays. It would be futile to attempt detailed description of this forest of brass, in looking over the best specimens of which I noticed how exceedingly moderate was the price asked for each. Finally, lovers of old oak will find some unique souvenirs of Flemish and Jacobean carving in the room set aside for such treasure-trove, and in another part I came on a

six-legged Sheraton dinner-table, which is one of the best specimens it has been my envious fortune to meet.

Naturally it is the jewellers' shops that contribute most to the gaiety of patrons at Christmas-time, exteriorly beyond doubt, still more so for those who get a share of their shining booty from recklessly generous dear friends at this season. Benson, always a power in the land of Bond Street, by reason of his prodigally splendid shop-window, has this year more than ever wherewithal to attract the fancies of his patrons. From a number of original and interesting designs I have selected a group of gauds which will recommend themselves to the most fastidious as being each in excellent and yet unostentatious taste. Both aigrettes are masterpieces of light and effective setting. The diamond clasps, through which strings of velvet are drawn to match each costume, are a revived and most becoming survival of our grandmothers' days. Diamonds, pins, and combs, once again universally in fashion, are to be seen at Benson's, as can be noted in patterns of particular excellence. This diamond snake with a blood-red ruby in its mouth is a bracelet to sigh for indeed, and sportsmen will admit that the diamond fighting-cock is an excellent and most pugnacious drawing from life. In that dainty white vellum-covered book which Benson has just issued, it is astutely pointed out that this present time is a particularly favourable one for investment, as diamonds have never been at lower prices than at the moment. I would advise an application for this dainty "Bijou Book"; it is full of choice illustrations, and would prove a useful guide to country folk especially, whose fates do not bring them to Bond Street at this season. An application at 25, Old Bond Street, will bring it by return of post.

One more new departure successfully inaugurated about six weeks ago, in the establishment of large and handsome premises for the collection and sale of genuine antiques in furniture and old prints, cannot be too soon brought into public notice. For old oak and Chippendale, Bartolozzi and Sheffield ware, we have hitherto had to depend on our own very amateur judgment or the tender mercies of the Semitic conscience, which, in matters of exchange and barter, has a deservedly classic reputation. Now, however, that a few cultured experts have put their energies into this long-neglected field of artistic labour, the average prosperous Briton who likes a sovereign's-worth of value for its golden equivalent may rest assured that, in the matter of antique furniture, he will get it when he visits the Old English Furniture Company, for under this title those gentlemen before referred to have established themselves at 97, St. Martin's Lane, with every reason for success in their admirably planned undertaking. There you are not beguiled into Cromwellian sword-hilts that afterwards turn out to be century-end Brummagem. No "faked-up" cabinets or curios of new veneer on old deal will dazzle yet deceive the embryo collector. Everything is genuine, authenticated in most instances, and shown to the purchaser for what it is and was, as, under such management, would be expected. The prices of this interesting and beautiful collection of old landmarks in furniture-history are moderate to amazement, and one is spared the inevitable impression of being asked a fancy figure which



DIAMONDS IN FASHIONABLE SETTINGS AT BENSON'S.

will allow of two or three hundred per cent. being haggled off, and yet leave its unconscionable vendor a typical Oriental profit. Everything marked in plain figures has a sweet reasonableness of merit well in proportion to the equivalent demanded; so much so, that the establishment of this company ought very shortly to create a revolution in the present demands of "old-furniture" traders in general. A couple of superb

seventeenth-century pilasters, in carved oak, originally hailing from St. John's, Cambridge, are a central attraction, though I have no doubt that some appreciative connoisseur, formerly a freshman in those classic shades, will not allow them to remain long in the market. An Elizabethan overmantel, in excellent preservation, at present shown in the window at 97, St. Martin's Lane; a quaint Welsh reading-desk, that would be the crowning glory of an oak-filled hall; a Gothic wardrobe, removed, perhaps, from the vestry of some old-time church; a Jacobean buffet, dated 1700, that breathes Gargantuan feasts of smoking pasties and brimming tankards in every line of its ample form—are a few of the curiously fascinating souvenirs of good old long-past days with which this noble room abounds. Charles II. chairs, carved of walnut or oak, mahogany being then unknown, are also on view. Queer little carriage-warmers of carved oak, with ledges for charcoal, recall how laboriously Madame's comfort was cared for when she drove abroad, and a hundred other quaint and curious survivors of antique handicraft, which would charm the soul and sense of an artist.

I am reminded in thus prattling about old things that one ancient art, however, has at least been improved upon in the present, and that is

advisedly in the production of paste, which long ago palpably and ingenuously simulated diamonds, but nowadays actually replaces, and sometimes, indeed, displaces them. How can one possibly know the real from the imitation where such art is brought to bear on reproduction as that evidenced by the Parisian Diamond Company's alluring shop-windows in Bond Street, Burlington Arcade, and Regent Street? This Louis Seize aigrette, as illustrated, for example, is one of the finest obtainable specimens both of paste as well as the jeweller's art; set clear in 18-carat gold, this and other exquisite specimens of the Parisian Diamond Company's production are in every detail equal in appearance to gems representing as many hundreds as these are obtained for pounds. Numerous new designs have been brought out this winter, and some corsage ornaments, with cabochon or square-cut emeralds admixed, are quite the most beautiful forms of ornament I have seen. A new jewelled comb, specially introduced for preserving the fashionable shape in hair-dressing, deserves a medal to itself, and a button-shaped brooch of diamonds surrounding one great black pearl is to the manner born of costly heirlooms. That perfection to which the Parisian Diamond Company have alone attained in their "Orient Pearls" is exemplified in the sheen and

"LOUIS SEIZE" HAIR ORNAMENT AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

lustrous colour of these pear-shaped gems, which are now so much used by modish dames in the old and charming pendant fashion. Many of the corsage adornments are absolute reproductions of French jewellery of the old *noblesse*, now exhibited in museums, and the pendent pearl of the past is a graceful fashion once again in high favour. The Parisian Diamond Company's ropes of pearls are also possessions to sigh for, and which few, doubtless, with an available modest five guineas will yearn for long. I have seen these pearls side by side with the finest stones, and there has been nothing to choose between them. Muff-chains are also a favourite vanity of the moment, and one with closely set pearls of small size is quite the smartest possible specimen of these toys. Others, again, have differently coloured jewels, set in tiny rings on a fine gold chain, equally a set-off to one's *ensemble* for day or evening. In the new fashion of wearing one's locks in piled-up masses, a dagger or high-shaped comb will become a *sine qua non* to carefully completed womankind. I recommend all who include themselves in this category to promptly interview the Parisian Diamond Company.

I have often heard it argued that to take up a speciality is the beginning of all wisdom with professional men. A particular branch of law, or an individual item of the human anatomy, repays with substantial rewards the lawyer or medico who confines his skill and energies to its development or amelioration. No doubt, also, the rule which applies so unquestionably to art and the learned professions, may just as much be brought to bear on commerce, and a shining example of successful results in this direction may be cited in the watches manufactured for Sir John Bennett, which, as time-keepers of established reputation, are known from one corner of civilisation to another. As a Christmas or New Year gift a watch from Bennett's would be the acme of usefulness, for in this busy nowadays, when we all have trains to catch or appointments to keep in every waking hour, the ownership of an illusory time-keeper that will not keep time is a positive tragedy, and more lost opportunities are the consequences of such deluding possessions than will ever come to be written. To so great perfection have the Bennett watches been brought that even the fifths of a second are registered, and old Time, however fast he flies, cannot escape the watchful accompaniment of a chronograph. Another speciality of this

firm's, which has been brought to the highest possible development of mechanism, is the minute repeater, which tells the hours, quarters, and minutes even, at will. Others, possessing a greater number of accomplishments still, exhibit perpetual calendars, the phases of the moon, and chronograph movements for racing, engineering, or other purposes. Nor is it only the more costly masterpieces which bear an utterly reliable conscience in this matter of accuracy; there are daintily designed bijou time-keepers for women's wear, which, in smart *repoussé* cases, promise and perform all that can be asked or expected for the modest sum of five, six, and seven pounds in gold consecutively, while their equally trustworthy prototypes in silver amount to but one half of even these sums. Then the neat, workmanlike, plain gold half-hunter, or half-chronometer of equally faultless power and appearance, can be bought for twelve pounds, and is, moreover, in all respects an improvement on its highly priced forerunner of, say, fifty years ago, for which our expansive grandfathers cheerfully put down an equivalent number of guineas. As for clocks, Sir John Bennett, Limited, could, I firmly believe, fit out a continent at shortest notice if required. Never have I seen or heard so many tickings of all sorts going together. From the modest but meritorious guinea carriage-clock of that ilk to sonorous chiming "grandfathers" at appropriately pompous prices, the whole gamut of clock-making is run through and represented at this most interesting and instructive Cheapside centre of an ancient and artistic industry.

Turning to a frivolous matter of past moments in the week, I am glad to hear that "our dumb friends"—being chiefly dogs, it is understood—will benefit to an appreciable extent by the residue resulting from an extremely well-arranged dance, which was organised for their welfare by the popular secretary of the Dumb Friends' League, Mr. Arthur Coke. The function, which took place at Princes' Hall on Thursday, was extremely well supported and attended. Dancing continued with "unabated vigour," to quote a favourite phrase (not of mine), until neighbouring chimes at St. James's Church told one o'clock, on which a capital supper, for which the Princes' Restaurant caterers were responsible, made a well-attended interlude. Miss Coleridge "told palms" with quite amazing insight in a specially arranged sanctum—I might, indeed, say second-sight—during the pauses, and a number of unusually smart frocks lent an, if possible, added interest to the proceedings—at least, from the feminine point of view. SYBIL.

Miss Vane (Mrs. Charles Sugden) has acquired, through Mr. J. H. Barnes, the rights of a strong drama by F. C. Phillips and Leonard Merrick. The present title is "A Free Pardon," which Mrs. Sugden proposes to alter to "Two Christmas Eves." The play contains a set of strong acting parts, and is full of the best kind of human interest.

Christmas present giving is probably more in vogue now than ever, and many people still elect to give their friends presents in kind. Those whose friends most welcome the potent beverage that hails from across the Tweed can obtain a good, honest, ten-year-old whisky from Messrs. Stenhouse and Co., of West Regent Street, Glasgow. Its clean flavour will make it acceptable to any whisky-drinker.



CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

THE ACCOUNT.

Although there was a further shrinkage in securities generally disclosed by the Making-up prices last week, the Settlement was concluded without any difficulty. The satisfactory traffic returns in Home Rails were not sufficient to counterbalance the fear of labour troubles, the result being that, towards the end of the Account, prices eased off, making the Carry-over somewhat irregular. With the exception of a rise of 5 points in Lake Shore, Americans exhibited a decline all round. Investors do not seem very sanguine about the course of this market; and for the moment prefer to await further developments—politically and financially—before operating to any great extent. Foreign stocks showed a fairly substantial improvement during the Account, Argentine and Chilean securities being well to the front. In the Commercial and Industrial Department the chief features were the rises of 2 points each in Bell's Asbestos and J. and P. Coats Ordinary, the latter being attributable to the successful absorption by that company of several competing firms. The feature in Brewery shares was the rise of 13 points in Allsopp's Ordinary, whose prospects are looked upon as particularly promising. In the Mining Market the decline during the Settlement was general, the near approach of the Christmas holidays, no doubt, being to a great extent responsible for the disinclination of operators to enter the ring.

THE P. AND O. COMPANY.

Some interesting statistics were furnished by the chairman of this company at its annual meeting on Thursday last. Dealing with the increase in the expenditure, he informed the meeting that their coal had cost £567,000, or £48,000 more than during the previous year; that they had passed over 100,000 tons of larger tonnage through the Suez Canal; and that their payments to that concern had been £275,000, or an increase of £37,000. On the other hand, their passenger-receipts showed the gratifying increase of over £91,000, having amounted to the considerable sum of £1,043,000. The chairman spoke hopefully with regard to the future of their Australian business, which, it appears, had suffered to the extent of £80,000 in the three years subsequent to the crisis in those Colonies. After setting aside the substantial sum of £277,475 for depreciation of the company's fleet, the directors were able to declare the same dividend which has been paid for many years, namely, 5 per cent. on the Preferred and 10 per cent. on the Deferred stock.

CHARTERLAND.

For a long time we have been endeavouring to obtain reliable information as to the real state of affairs in Rhodesia, and the prospects, agricultural, grazing, and mineral, of the country. The difficulty with which we were met was, that everybody who was willing to write and knew the country, had some axe of his own to grind. One man had concessions to sell; another had a grievance against the Chartered Company to ventilate; while a third wished to know whether we wanted him to abuse the place or praise it.

Such correspondents were obviously of no use to *The Sketch* readers; so we declined their offers with thanks; but we think we have found the right person at last, and are promised, if the post does not fail us, a most interesting letter next week upon the general prospects of the country, from a gentleman who has just returned from a two years' stay near Salisbury, and who will in subsequent communications give our readers a true account of the gold prospects of Mashonaland, which we shall illustrate from photographs taken by the author.

BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINING.

We are able to publish the second letter from our British Columbian correspondent this week. At the time we made arrangements for special



MINING QUARTET AT MOUTH OF PIT, ROSSLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

information, it was thought that the subject would come prominently before the English public by the end of this year; but the efforts of the promoting fraternity have, so far, failed to excite any general interest in this country, so that, for the time, at least, it seems as if further details were unnecessary. Should any considerable effort be made to secure English capital for British Columbian mines, we shall continue the subject, and, with our valued correspondent's assistance, no doubt be able to guide our readers in their choice of mining investments.

THE WEALTH OF THE KOOTENAYS.

In less than two years it is altogether probable that the huge, solitary dome called Crow's Nest will re-echo to the shriek of the locomotive, and overlook enormous developments of rich coal deposits. The writer cannot, in all candour, say that the eastern section of East Kootenay proper is rich in minerals. That remains to be seen, but the expectations of some sanguine persons may be more than realised. So far, assays and specimens do not justify any flights of fancy into the realms of Golconda. An exception might, however, perhaps be made in favour of the North Star at Fort Steele, low grade, but immensely rich in ore, which, according to the smelter reports, yields 47 ounces of silver and 63 per cent. lead.

West Kootenay, and portions of northern and western East Kootenay, and far towards what is known as the Boundary Country, are most promising. In silver, the district including Lardeau, Nakusp, Slocan, New Denver, Illicillewact, Sandon, and the vicinity of Kootenay Lake is undoubtedly rich, the geological authorities giving, from a large number of tests, a return averaging 231 ounces of silver and 58 per cent. lead, while detrimental impurities are limited. Toad Mountain, represented by the Silver King, is producing 444 ounces of silver and 23 per cent. of copper. The Silver Cup at Lardeau yields 251 ounces in silver, and a small percentage of gold.

There are some who swear by Rossland and Trail, others swear at them; but words of condemnation should be taken with grains of salt. Rossland could not have expanded from a settlement of two hundred souls little more than a year and a half ago, to a well-built town of five or six thousand inhabitants in 1896, unless there was something substantial behind. It is a refractory ore district, requiring deep mining and capital, and wherever the two latter have combined, marvellous results have, so far, followed. The writer has consulted engineers, as well as old miners who have worked in Cornwall, South Africa, Australia, California, and the Western States, and the universal opinion seems to be that capital, carefully invested, and expended by men who understood their business, and who were not intent upon spending vast sums on experiments in new districts—irrespective of the interests of English or other shareholders—would eventually produce a gratifying harvest.

Rossland itself is a model mining camp; law and order are supreme, owing much to the exertions of Mr. John Kirkup, the first Chief of Police; while, despite the absence of many sanitary appliances, the people are, as a general rule, healthy, thanks to the first Provincial Health Officer, Dr. E. Bowes. The buildings are frame—almost ready for a January fire; the mining structures are substantial, and the general appearance of the camp one of contentment and prosperity. Such properties as Le Roi, War Eagle, Centre Star, Iron Mask, and a few others, are sufficiently advanced to promise great results; but to say they are ready for immense capitalisation would be going altogether too far.

What is termed first-class ore consists of nearly massive, fine-grained pyrrhotite and copper pyrites, sometimes with a little magnetite and more or less calcite, yielding in gold and silver 53 dollars per ton (say £10 12s.). The second-class ore yields 28 dollars per ton (about £5 15s.). Miners receive 3 dollars (12s.) per eight- and ten-hour shifts; engineers, 3 dollars 50 cents (14s.) to 4 dollars (16s.); foremen, 4 dollars (16s.) to 5 dollars (20s.) per day of ten hours. Shaft-sinking costs from 18 dollars (£3 15s.) to 23 dollars (£4 15s.) per foot. Prices of lumber, wood, and living necessities are very reasonable. At present the output is not more than 180,000 dollars per month (£36,000), but it must be remembered that even Cripple Creek, Colorado, did not reach this point during the first few months of active work, and that in 1884 the South African fields were virtually abandoned. Novices are gradually discovering that gold-mines do not grow upon apple-trees, and prospective investors would do well to keep this fact in sight.

The country is really in the second stage of development; machinery, the latest appliances, and the best of everything, are being utilised now, while the clean-up of this season should suffice to establish permanent values. It would be misleading to paint the gold districts of the Kootenay as rivalling either Cripple Creek or Johannesburg; still, there are men from both countries who do not hesitate to give their verdict in favour of the new fields.

Of course, what constitutes a "high-grade camp" depends somewhat upon early experience. For instance, the other day a well-known pioneer named Langford was slightly injured by a bullet from a revolver. Whereupon, a burly Western miner slapped a companion on the back and, in great glee, roared, "Jim! the fun's commenced! She's goin' to be a high-grade camp, arter all!"

THE WORCESTERSHIRE BREWING AND MALTING COMPANY.

This undertaking, we are led to believe, has met with a favourable reception at the hands of the public. The issue, if not fully subscribed for, has been, we understand, practically taken up, which, in view of the sluggish condition of the markets, must be looked upon as satisfactory. The directorate would appear to be composed of gentlemen fully qualified to deal successfully with an enterprise of this character, seeing that they are, with only one exception, identified with the brewing interest. No market has yet been made in the shares; but there is a likelihood of transactions taking place shortly in them.



J. KIRKUP, ROSSLAND'S FIRST CHIEF OF POLICE AND MINING RECORDER.

NEW VENTURES.

The public appears to be quite off the feed as to new ventures. The Mountain Copper Company, with one of the strongest boards that has appeared on any company for years, was so badly subscribed that the allotments were hurried out within a few hours of the closing of the lists, and the shares fell to a discount as the result of the amounts which applicants received, while from all quarters we hear of underwriters getting, as they call it, "stuck" with considerable quantities of shares in nearly every company issued. We advise our readers to be very cautious about applying for new issues, and, certainly for the present, to avoid asking for double and treble what they want, as several correspondents appear to have done lately, much to their distress.

KAFFIR CRUSHINGS.

The total yield of Witwatersrand mines for November came upon the market with no small amount of surprise, showing, as it did, an increase on that for October, notwithstanding the fact of there being one day less in the last month. The increase amounts to 5399 oz., which result is partly attributable to the North Randfontein having entered the list for the time by giving a return of 1699 oz. The Porges Randfontein also materially assisted the figures by increasing its output to the extent of 1023 oz., while Knights also added its quota by an advance of 1719 oz. Needless to say, the announcement of this unlooked-for aggregate increase had a favourable influence upon the prices of Witwatersrand shares generally, and led in several instances to higher quotations. The whole Kaffir Market has a much healthier aspect than it has shown for several months, and the buying of the last few days appears to come from the very people that have hitherto been selling.

AFRICAN BANKING.

The chairman of the African Banking Corporation, at the ordinary general meeting of that institution held last week, spoke very hopefully regarding the future prospects of South African business generally. After dealing with the exciting period through which that country had been passing, he summed up by expressing an opinion that matters are rapidly straightening out, and that before very long we shall have a return of prosperity. Despite the troublous times, however, the bank has not only been able to maintain its position, but actually to improve upon it, the net profits being £4000 in excess of the previous half-year. Arrangements are being made to increase the capital of the bank by an issue of shares, which, if carried out, will raise the nominal amount to £1,000,000, with £500,000 paid up.

WESTRALIA.

In view of some satisfactory returns which are coming daily to hand from the Westralian goldfields, it is somewhat surprising to find that in many instances shares are quoted one-third lower than, say, six months ago, despite the fact that active developments have been taking place during the interval. The Stock Exchange, however, is hardly the place to look to for logical conclusions. The *Australian Mail* gives some very interesting statistics with regard to the output of this Colony, from which it would appear that the total of ore crushed in the various districts up to the end of last month was 145,893 tons, yielding 362,140 oz., or an average of 2 oz. 10 dwt. per ton. It looks as if the weeding-out process had gone far enough for the moment, and that there might be a rise in the values of good mines.

BRAZILIAN FINANCE.

There has been a considerable rise in Brazilian Bonds during the last few days, caused by an improvement in the exchange, and the fact that negotiations are on foot with a group of German financiers for the sale of the Government railways. A sum of £15,000,000 is reported to be the purchase price, but it is rather early days to come to exact figures. The railways have, we understand, been very badly maintained, and will want a considerable sum spent on betterments. No doubt under private ownership the service will be improved, and the country generally benefit; but, although a good round sum of £15,000,000 will no doubt ease the financial distress of the Brazilian Government for the time being, it seems very much like the spendthrift living on the proceeds of mortgage moneys. You cannot have your cake and eat it, a fact which many Governments seem to forget.

HOME RAILS.

The traffics continue to be good, and show considerable increases in nearly all cases, which, coupled with all fears of a general or even partial strike being now at an end, has made the tone of the Home Railway Market extremely good during the last two or three days. The directors of the London and North-Western appear to have acted with extraordinary indiscretion, but, thanks to Mr. Ritchie, they have had an opportunity to retreat in time, and no doubt, for the present at least, we shall hear no more of men being dismissed, or, indeed, even of unwise circulars such as the Board of the Great Western were foolish enough to send out. The dividend time is fast approaching, and continued activity may be expected in this market until the principal announcements are made in February next.

KENT COAL.

The gamble in Kent Coal Syndicate shares has lately been in full swing, and to such an extent has it been carried that even a report of water having flooded one of the Syndicate's shafts causes a drop of $\frac{1}{2}$ in "Little Chatham." The majority of our contemporaries have swallowed this Kent Coal affair far too seriously. One paper talks about "the

Kent Coal Mine," while even the *Pall Mall Gazette* has devoted several columns to a description of—well, two holes in the ground, which, so far as they have gone, prove nothing. We have a supreme disbelief in the whole affair, and we base our judgment on the results of the borings, which are generally supposed to prove the certainty of success. Shares may be manipulated to £3 or £5 each; but unless the coal-seams, when reached, prove thicker than the bores would lead us to expect, we do not see how coal-mining is to be made a payable business.

NEW ISSUES.

W. B. Dick and Co., Limited.—We should not recommend these preference shares.

Hall's Oxford Brewery, Limited.—The debentures offered appear well secured, and are sure to prove a profitable investment.

The Haycraft Gold Reduction and Mining Company, Limited.—We advise our readers to leave it alone.

The Acatene Cycle Company, Limited.—Far better avoided. We believe it is perfectly easy to make a dozen equally good chainless cycles without infringing this company's patents.

The Marloid Manufacturing Patent Company, Limited.—As the company has not thought it worth while even to estimate the value of the assets—we use the word for want of a better—upon which these debentures are secured, our readers will, we trust, not think it worth while to apply for any.

Saturday, Dec. 12, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

DISGUSTED.—We believe the concern is wound up, but will make inquiries, and, if it is alive, will let you know next week.

J. B. D.—We never answer anonymous letters.

TYNESIDE.—We are told the company is full of orders from the Japanese Government and other people, and we see no reason to sell.

X. Y. Z.—We would not touch it with a barge-pole.

N. on T.—See last answer.

CUIDADO.—(1) We should hold, not because we believe in the concern, but the people behind it are strong, and, on the first chance, will do their best to put prices up. (2) No. (3) Yes, probably. (4) We believe that Sheba shares are a good speculation at present prices. Perhaps Day Dawn Block shares might suit you, but the Mining Market does not look over-gay just now.

DUBIOUS.—Yes; Harmsworth Brothers' preference are all right as an investment.

IMPATIENCE.—We can see no merits about the third debentures of the East London Railway. The line is leased to a combination of other companies, and the rental does not, in our time, seem likely to reach a point at which the interest on this security will be paid.

BONA-FIDE.—The concern is under the control of Mr. H. J. Lawson. As you cannot get out, except at a fearful loss, you had better hold on and see what next season's trading does for you. The company's exhibit at the Stanley Show did not impress us as likely to bring business.

LOTTERY.—We think the bonds are all right, but the chances of a prize are very remote. Unless you draw a prize, you only get your money back in exhibition tickets. We never give names of dealers in such things, or of brokers, in this paper, but we have handed over your letter to a respectable firm, who have promised to write to you, and will buy for you at the lowest price if you wish to deal.

SKEPTIC.—Your post-card from Mentone is, we suppose, meant to be funny. The great majority of the members of the Stock Exchange are, in our opinion, honest, so that there should be no trouble in your finding what you are pleased to call "a rara avis."

REA.—(1) Of course, the chances in favour of "Little Chatham" are considerable. When the price is £25, write to us again. (2) We should sell at 5s.

SAP.—We wrote you fully on the 9th inst.

IGNORAMUS.—The Banque Foncière de la Noblesse de Russie bonds are all right; but, at the price you paid, you run the risk of getting drawn at a ruinous loss. You paid about £25, and you may be drawn at 125 roubles, or say £13. As to Panama bonds, they are all right if you buy at the lowest market price; and as to Paris Exhibition bonds, see answer to "Lottery." We are sending you by post a price-list of lottery bonds, with a mark against those we think well of.

SEESTU.—The price of James Eadie, Limited, debentures is about 107, and of preference shares, 103-114.

MUMBLES.—We understand the question of the Vienna gas supply is not settled yet, but that probably it will be so arranged that the company will not suffer. There is no reason for alarm, as, whatever happens, the stock is worth more than its present price, and if you can afford it you had better buy more to average.

A. K. H.—(1) Very doubtful. We believe in monopolies such as Guinness or Bass, but not in those founded on patents which can be evaded. For the next few years the company will probably make big profits. (2) Elswick.

A. H.—(1) Probably great rubbish. As to dividend, consider it when you get it. Till then we certainly shall not believe in it. Why waste your money on cheap mining rubbish at such a time as this? (2) We would not buy. (3) Ditto.

ALBINO.—(1) The very fact that the recommendation comes from such a quarter is enough to condemn the concern. (2) The less you have to do with them, the better.

OLD READER.—(1) Several shareholders have taken proceedings, and got certain terms of settlement. We advise you to write to the company and say you took your shares on the faith of representations which you now learn to be untrue, and you therefore repudiate your allotment, and require the return of your money. If you like to comply with Rule 5, we will supply you with the name and address of the solicitor who acted for the other shareholders. (2) We advise you to take proceedings in the City of London Court to get back your ten pounds. (3) On any revival in West Australians these shares will probably rise. (4) Ditto.

A. J. P.—See this week's "Notes."

BEGONIA.—The Dunlop Company can only pay preference or any other dividends from the date of the share allotment, or, at any rate, only from some date after the new company was registered. All intermediate profits must be capitalised, according to the opinion of every lawyer of eminence. The question has been raised before, and the law is supposed to be quite settled on the point.

ENGINEER.—In our opinion, you had better cut your loss and get out of the whole thing. We should let the gang pass what resolutions they liked, and then become dissentient shareholders, under Section 161 of the Companies Act. Consult a solicitor as to this.